THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

REMARKS.—BY ISRAEL ICICLE.

SPRING. There is something in the changes of the seasons, which leads every reflecting mind to acknowledge with gratitude the superintendance of a divine power. With what certainty do we not calculate upon the return of heat and cold—the green-springing grass, the perfumed blossom—the ripe fruit and the golden harvest—the nipping frost and the fallen leaf—the ice-bound rivers and the snow-clad fields—and yet how surely are these our calculations all verified—aye, and more than verified,—for how far superior to our most sanguine anticipations is the present prospect of the reality! To most persons, the return of spring, after a long and severe winter, suggests, perhaps, stronger emotions of gratitude and joy than the recurrence of any other season. Then the sky, which has so long been darkened by clouds and storms, opens upon our view clear and serene—the fields that have lain buried in snow give signs of returning life, and vegetation rises like one from the dead—the song of the birds, too, again greet our ears as the well-known voice of a friend returned after a long absence. All animal and vegetable creation, that for months has been as if it was not, seems to awake and rejoice in the approach of its disenthralment. Amid such scenes and such sounds, well may man—man, with mind to appreciate, soul to feel, and heart to enjoy—be filled with the most pleasurable emotions. Cold and insensate, or else dead to all that is beautiful in nature, must be his soul, who can walk abroad of a bright and sunny day in spring and feel not its influences—or feeling them, is unwilling to acknowledge it. I envy not that man his feelings, for surely nature must have been very unkind to him, or he must be still more unkind to himself.

GENIUS. If there is any word in the English language which I would wish to see blotted out, it is this same word "genius." It has done more hurt than a score of other epithets which are chargeable with corrupting youth or destroying character. Tell a boy that he is a "genius," and ten to one he turns out a dunce. Say to a young man starting in some profession in which he is likely to distinguish himself, "you are a genius," and let the young man believe it, and from that time forth his chance of success begins to decline—persuade a poet—and it requires but little art to persuade him—that he is a "genius," and what are his lines worth afterwards? And why is all this? by what means does it come to pass, that the bright boy makes a dull man? the aspiring and well educated youth sinks into insignificance? and the poet whose praise to-day is the theme of every tongue, to-morrow is spoken of no more, or only with regret and disappointment? It is simply because that he who is told that he is a genius and believes that he is a genius—that he is gifted by nature with talents of a higher order than his fellows, and that those talents alone will raise him to distinction—trusts to those talents, and remits the labor, the study, the diligence, industry, and perseverance in his pursuits, which are absolutely requisite to his success—as if the finest ship in the world, supplied with every necessary equipment—with charts and compass—should navigate the ocean in safety and arrive at the destined port, without the most careful and unremitted exertions of her commander and crew in directing her course and managing her sails—in steering and watching her by night and by day—and in doing every thing needful to a successful termination of the voyage. Shipwreck would ensue in the former case not less certainly than in the latter—the compass and chart will not, under these circumstances, save the ship, nor will genius or talents save the boy.

PERSEVERANCE.—One of the great evils in this country is a certain restless, roving disposition, which leads young men to change their pursuits in life, as often as they meet with any ill-success in one business, or are allured by the prospect of greater gains in another. Hence we frequently hear of those who have passed through all the learned professions, even at quite an early age—who have been physicians without patients—lawyers without clients, and preachers without preaching. In the mechanical arts, too, we see the cobler, the carpenter, the printer, and the painter, and many other trades, all followed in succession by the same individual, and all in turn abandoned to take up with some other;—then as for the shopkeepers and merchants, what is more common than to see the grocer to-day, commencing the dry goods' business to-morrow, and the broker and money changer launching out into heavy speculations on the seas or in real estate, or in some other way wholly disconnected with his accustomed business. This versatility of our countrymen has been remarked by foreigners, and we have been highly complimented thereupon. They have overlooked, however, the great evil which arises from this course, viz.—that while our artists, our professional and business men thus engage in so many different avocations, a great degree of skill is seldom attained in either, and the individuals are thus in the end, as well as the public, great sufferers. For ourselves, we are advocates for the English system of apprenticeship, by which no person is permitted to pursue a trade or practice a profession without serving at his trade or studying his profession for the space of seven years. A man who has thus spent a period of his life must acquire a degree of skill which is a capital to him to commence the world upon, and which he will not readily abandon and give up for the sake of a more flattering employment.

PEABODY'S VIEWS. We have seen the forthcoming number of this valuable publication, and can only say that it compares very favorably with the preceding numbers. The views are, of the Hudson River from Weehawken—of Coffee-House Slip at the foot of Wall-street, with a distant view of Brooklyn Heights—of the Park Theatre—and of the new Reservoir and the Washington Institute in the upper part of the city. They are all beautifully and faithfully executed, and are to be accompanied by remarks from the same pen that has given such general satisfaction in describing the previous views. D.

COOKE.

It was soon after Cooke's arrival at Manchester, that the scene took place which Riley has happily described in his "Itinerant," and which cannot be omitted here, it is so illustrative of the actor and the man.

One evening they were in the bar of a public house, amongst a promiscuous company, when, Cooke evidently yielding to his habitual failing, Riley became anxious to get him home while he was in good humor. Perhaps, pressing a little too eagerly, he roused the lion, and Cooke exclaimed, eyeing him with scorn, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel, you canting Methodistical thief! Am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controled by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian!" Then pulling off his coat and holding up his fist, he exclaimed in a menacing attitude, "come out, thou prince of deceivers! though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not move me!—Come out, I say!"

There was a large fire in the grate, before which stood, with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of the kind of beaux then in fashion, deficient in cleanliness, shabby in costume, and, of course, insensible to propriety, and he wore a faded hat with a narrow brim, conceitedly placed on the side of his head. This filthy fop straddled, like the colossus of Rhodes, before the fire. At length he caught the eye of Cooke, who, in silent amazement, examined him from top to toe, and turning to Riley, burst into a loud laugh, and cried, "Beau nasty!" and immediately rising and taking up the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the other, turned like him, too, his back to the fire, and then approaching, said, in an affected whisper, but loud enough to be heard,

"Pray, sir, how is soap?"

"Soap?"

"Yes, sir, soap; I understand it is coming down."

"I'm glad of it, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance."

At this there was a general laugh: the stranger, however, affected not to observe it, but hitting his boots with a flourishing air, rung the bell and inquired if he could have "a veal kitlit, or a mutton chip."

"What do you think," said Cooke, "of a roasted puppy? because," taking up the poker, "I'll spit you and roast you in a minute."

The dirty beau retreated towards the door, and Cooke, following, cried out in the attitude of Macbeth,—

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed; avaunt, avaunt, I say!"—then, replacing the poker, he added, and returning to his seat, "Being gone, I am a man again."

It happened that a noted boxer made one of the company, a remarkable strong man, modest and good natured. This scene had such an effect upon him that he burst into a fit of immoderate laughter, which drew the actor's attention, and turning with his bitterest look, Cooke addressed him in the most contemptuous manner. The pugilist, knowing his peculiarities, bore his contemptuous epithets as long as possible, until they became so gross as to be no longer endurable, when calmly taking him in his arms, as though he had been a child, he set him down in the street, and bolted the door. Our hero entreated at the window, the night being wet, for admission, in vain; and being unheeded, he broke several panes, and inserting his head through the fracture, said, "Gentlemen, I have taken some *pains* to gain admittance;—pray let me in, for I *see through* my error."

Scenes of this kind were common in the nights of our hero. Once at Glasgow, Rock, of Edinburgh, had occasion to make an apology for Cooke's being unable to act, and it was to a tragic tone, suiting the action to the word,—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Cooke, I am grieved to say, has been taken with a *bowl* complaint.—*Galt's Lives of the Players.*

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Upbraid me not—I never swore
Eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high,
And I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I could stoop so low—
'Tis only some can tie a knot,
Though all may fix a *beau.*

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a *pair:*
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But here's the horrid bore—
The priest declares if *you* are one,
Then I at least am four.

'Tis true that moralists have said
That love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?
And on my wedding day I'm sure
I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm,
But pray excuse me should I hint
A sort of fond alarm,
That when my arm I offered you,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest effort dear, would be
To take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
It might be counted rude;
And though I use a convex lens,
By all the gods! I hope,
My wife will ne'er look up to me
Through a Herschel's Telescope.

Then, fare thee well my gentle one!
I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain
So exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower—
The tears that fell from such a height
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself
In a basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the Six-Feet Club;
But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three,
A life that's but a span.

COMET ALMANACS.—An elderly lady apparently in a state of high mental excitement, called a few days since and enquired for Almanacs. We exhibited the various kinds we had on hand, and urged their respective merits to her particular notice. This madam is "Porter's Health Almanac," containing an extra quantity of matter adapted to the preservation of health. This is the "Churchman's Almanac," embracing besides the ordinary monthly calendar, a regular arrangement of the Feasts and Fasts observed by the Protestant Episcopal Church, together with an accurate list of all the Bishops and Clergymen belonging to this persuasion in the U. S. Are either of these the kinds you wish to get? "No them a'nt the ones."—Well, here is the good old fashioned kind, made by one of the disciples of Andrew Beers, Philom., which tells all about the eclipses of the sun and moon, when they rise and set, and also what kind of weather we are going to have. I presume them will suit? "Them a'nt the kind yet." They are all the kinds we have good woman—but our neighbor Nearing, has the Anti-Masonic Almanac—may be that is the kind you want. "No, I don't want them either—Oh, my! my! I'm desperately sorry I can't remember the name—let me think—now I've got it, *Comet* almanac—that tells all about that dreadful thing that's going to smash the arth—hav'nt you heerd of it?" Certainly madam, we have heard of the comet, but what induces you think it will smash the earth, as you say? "Why 'Nezer Johnson, our master says so, and he knows all about it, he says its ten chances to one if we an't all burnt up—what a dreadful time it will be; he told me that the Comet almanac would tell all about it, and I want to get one." My good woman, do not be alarmed at the prognostications of your schoolmaster. Astronomers say that there is no danger to be apprehended from the comet, and they probably know as much about it as Nezer Johnson does. As for the Comet Almanacs, there is no such thing; they all speak of the comet that will appear during the present year—but none of them are crazy enough to predict that the world is coming to an end quite so soon. You must not let it disturb you any more. Tell your friend Nezer from me, that he never will be hung for a witch. "Well, you have taken a great load off my mind, and as the comet a'nt going to burn us all up this year, I guess I'll take one of our Health Almanacs and try to live a little longer. But, depend on't, Nezer must look out for breakers."—*Catskill Mes.*

WASHINGTON.—In all history there is no one with whom we may compare Washington—he has no compeer. He seemed to do all from duty, and nothing from honor. Glory, which is a virtue in less elevated minds, lost its inspiration on him; and in his most triumphal situations, his affections were cast back to the quiet agricultural pursuits of Mount Vernon. He stood aloof from the weaknesses of common men; and he subdued early the passions that sway others through life. He was surrounded by a dignity too impressive to be forgotten by those who have seen him.

It was the natural effect of a superior nature—no man felt humbled in his presence, but none, not even his familiars, felt themselves in the presence of an equal, or could assume any bearing but one of respect. Lord Erskine remarked, that in the course of his life he had often approached the great and the good, but that for Washington only he felt an "awful reverence." A story is related, that one of Washington's Aids, or friends, wagered that he would take some liberty or familiarity with him, and on entering the room tapped him lightly on the shoulder; but he received so quiet a rebuke from the General's eye, that it was his last attempt at familiarity.—*Boston Courier.*

Lawcraft.—Mr. F. Robinson, of Essex county, Mass., publishes a "Letter, containing a brief exposure of Lawcraft." The writer is said to have been refused admittance to the bar in that county. Among other things he accuses the profession of using an inordinate quantum of unintelligible lingo and technical barbarisms—a complaint of long standing. But as this constitutes a portion of the peculiar *arcana* of the fraternity, they will not readily abandon it. He says they continue to secure a monopoly in practice by "motions for non-suits, for discontinuance, for nolle prosequi, for retrospect, for injunctions, for continuance; by imparlance, by whole defence, by half defence, by overts, by proferts, by vouchers, by aid prayers, by tenders, by protestandoes, by estopples, by averments, by giving color; by demurring for duplicity, for departure, for repugnancies, for argumentatives, for negative pregnants, for surplusage, for prolixity, for verifications; by pleading generally, by pleading specially, by pleading double, by pleading abatement, by replications, by rejoinders, by surrejoinders, by rebutters, by surrebutters, by joining issue; by hard words in the Saxon, in the Roman, in the French, and in the Latin languages." There is probably more truth than poetry in all this, if one could find out its meaning.

MISCELLANY.

THE BRACELETS.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Concluded.)

Carl found himself alone in the coach—if such it was—for his conductor had suddenly and most unexpectedly disappeared. The utter extremity of fright, amazement, and perplexity, is too feeble a term to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the state of Carl Koecker's feelings, when thus, after such an astounding series of events, hurried away, no one knew how, why, or wither.

Visions of inquisitorial horrors flitted before his perturbed mind's eye. To what scenes of ghastly—of hopeless misery was he now, perchance, conveying? He sunk back on the seat, and swooned. How long he continued insensible, he knew not. When he recovered, he found himself ratting onward at a prodigious rate, and amid profound darkness; he stretched his hand out of the window of the vehicle, and the snow fell fast and thick upon it. He listened, but heard no sound, except the rapid and regular tramp of horses hoofs, and the rustling of the branches, against which the roof of the vehicle brushed in passing. He could not hear the voices of either driver or attendants. In a sudden fit of frenzy, he threw down one of the windows, pushed out his head, and roared for rescue—but his cries were unattended to. He then strove to force open the door, that he might leap out, though at the hazard of his life; but his utmost efforts were useless! He tried if the window-spaces were large enough to admit of escape—but they were too small to admit of a child's exit! What was to become of him? After again and again trying to force open the doors, he wearied himself, and fell at full length on the seat, sullenly resigned to his fate, under the conviction that he was either in the toils of the Inquisition, or the hands of theives and murderers. But what could the latter want with a poor student? For the former suspicion his quaking heart could readily assign grounds!

He lay in a state of stupor, till the sudden stoppage of the vehicle almost jerked him from his seat, and sufficiently roused him to perceive that the carriage was standing before the gates of a magnificent building. Where he was, or how long his journey had lasted, he knew not; and unutterable, therefore, was his astonishment to behold the altered aspect of nature. The time appeared about two or three o'clock in the morning. The gloom and inclemency of the former part of the night had entirely disappeared. The scenery, at which he glanced hastily, seemed of a totally different class from that which he had been accustomed to behold. The glorious gilding of the full moon lay on every object—alike on the snowy shroud glistening over endless plains and hills—as on the quarried clouds lying piled irregularly, one above the other, in snowy strata along the sky. Their edges seemed all melting into golden light.

The building before which the carriage had drawn up, seemed a vast grey mass of irregular structure, the prevailing character of which was Gothic. Whether, however, it were a castle, a palace, a prison, a nunnery, or a monastery, Carl's hurried glance could not distinguish. He had scarce time to scan its outline, before the carriage door was opened, by removing a *large bar* from across the outside, Carl noticed—and a string of attendants, habited somewhat in military costume, stood ready to conduct the solitary visitor to the interior of the building. After a moment's pause of stupified irresolution—uncertain whether or not to make a desperate attempt to escape—he alighted, and followed the chief of the attendants towards the interior of the building. Every step he took within the splendid, though antique structure, convinced him that he had entered a regal residence. He paced along seemingly endless galleries and corridors, with the the passive, or rather submissive air of a man led along guarded prison passages to execution. He was at length ushered into a large tapestried apartment, in the centre of which was spread a supper-table, sinking beneath a costly service of gold and silver. Scarce knowing whether or not—in the vulgar phrase—his head or heels were uppermost, Carl sat himself down mechanically at the table; and the obsequious attendants instantly removed the covers of several dishes. When Carl saw the expensive dainties spread before him, and the magnificent plate which contained them, and marked the solemn and anxious deference paid him by the servants, he felt convinced that through some inexplicable blunder, he had been mistaken for an expected visitor of distinction. The tumultuous and terrifying scenes which had ushered in his journey, were for a while obscured from his recollection. Carl found it impossible to partake of the exquisite fare before him. He contrived, however, to quaff an ample cup of rich wine, which soon revived his torpid faculties. He turned towards the silent servants, stationed at due distances from him, and enquired, in a stern tone, what they were going to do with him; whether they knew who he was?' A respectful obeisance was the only answer. 'Carl Koecker—a student of Goettingen University.' A second and lower bow. A third time he repeated his question, but the only answer he could obtain, was a brief intimation, couched in the most deferential terms, that 'Her Highness' was waiting his appearance in the audience-room. Carl clasped his hands over his forehead, lost in wonder and despair.

'Who—who, in Heaven's name, is 'Her Highness?' he enquired.

'She has been long expecting your arrival with anxiety,' replied one of the servants, apparently in nowise surprised at the disorder of their youthful guest.

'Waiting—and for my arrival!—Impossible!—You are all wrong, fellows! I am not he whom you suppose me! I am mistaken for some one else—and *he* must be nothing particular, seeing I, through being mistaken for *him*, was kidnapped away! Harkee, sirrahs—do you understand?' The servants looked at one another in silence, and without a smile. 'Do you know who I am?' continued Carl in a louder key—but in vain; he received no answer. The servants seemed to have been tutored.

'Alas!' resumed Carl, in a low tone, 'I ask you who I am, when I verily know not myself!—Aha! Who am I? Where?—Why here?—Answer! Tell me! Speak there!' continued Carl, resolutely, relying on the wine he had taken, and which he felt supplying him with confidence.

'Once more I say—who am I?' repeated Carl.

'*That* we suppose your Highness best knows—but our duty is to wait and conduct you into her Highness's presence,' was the only answer he received, delivered in the same stedfast respectfulness of tone and manner.

'Where will all this mummery end?' thought Carl, pouring out, mechanically, another cup of wine. The thought suddenly struck him, and the more he entertained it, the more probable it appeared—that, after all, the whole of his evening's adventures might be the contrivance of one of those celebrated and systematic hoaxers, of whom, in Italy, the illustrious Lorenzo was chief. Every occurrence of the evening seemed easily explicable on this hypothesis—but one; the general uproar in the streets of Goettingen at the period of his leaving. *That* savoured too strongly of serious reality to be part of a *hoax!*—While he was turning about these thoughts in his mind, one of the servants opened a door, and stood by it, as if hinting that Carl should rise from table and follow. Resolved patiently to await the issue, he rose, and walked towards the door. He was conducted up an ample staircase, leading to a lofty hall, supported by marble pillars. After traversing it in silence, his conductors opened a pair of large folding-doors, and ushered Carl through them—gently closed the high doors upon him, and retired. Carl now found himself in an apartment equally magnificent with the one he had left. Still, however, there was not—as in the other—artificial light; but the room was, so to speak, flooded with a radiant tide of moonlight. Every thing about him, to Carl's disturbed apprehension, wore the air of mystery and romance. The silence of the sepulchre was there, and it oppressed him. He dared hardly draw his breath, fearful of its being audible. He was reluctant to move from the spot where he had first stood, lest he should dissipate the nameless charm of the chamber, or encounter some unwelcome and startling spectacle. Whichever way he looked, there was a dim and dreary splendour which transcended the creatures of poetry. Almost the whole extent of the further extremity of the chamber consisted of a large Gothic-fashioned window, with a door in the centre of it, opening upon a narrow slip of shrubbery or terrace. The prospect through this window was glorious. The moon was still,

> 'Riding at her highest noon.'

like a bright bark over a sea of sapphire, scattering her splendour over streams glittering like veins of silver amid a noble extent of champaign country; and rendering visible, in the distance, hoary structures of prodigious extent, relieved against a back-ground of profound forest shade. A little to the right lay a lake of liquid silver! But the most marvellous circumstance of the whole, was the disappearance of the snow he had so lately seen. Was it possible—thought Carl, pressing his hands to his forehead—that he had slept through an interval of twenty-four hours since he saw the snow? Had he taken drugged draughts at supper, and but now awoke, unconscious of the interval that had elapsed? This extraordinary absence of snow was, as already said, the first thing observed by Carl, hurried as was his glance; but ere long a very different object, within the chamber, arrested his attention, absorbing every faculty in mute astonishment and admiration. At the upper extremity of the chamber the resplendent moonbeam fell on the figure of a lady, white as snow, reclining on a couch, with her head supported by her arm. Never before had Carl beheld, even in dreams, a vision of such dazzling beauty. So perfectly symmetrical her features, so delicately moulded her figure, so gracefully negligent her attitude, and so motionless withal, that Carl, as he glided slowly towards her, his eyes and hands elevated with rapturous astonishment, began to suspect he was mocked by some surpassing specimen of the statuary's art. As he drew nearer, he perceived that the lady was asleep—at least her head drooped a little, and her eyes were closed. He stood within a few paces of her. He had never before seen features so perfectly beautiful. Her brow wore the pure hue of alabaster; her eyebrows were most delicately pencilled and shaded off; her nose, of soft Grecian outline, was exquisitely chiselled; and her small closed lips seemed like a bursting rose-bud. The lilied fingers of the little hand supporting her head, peeped out in rich contrast from among her black tresses; while her right hand lay concealed beneath the folds of a long rich veil. What with gazing on the lovely recumbent, and the generous potency of the wine he had been drinking, Carl felt himself, as it were, under a new influence. Fear and doubt had passed away. He fell softly on his knees before the beautiful incognita. Her features moved not.

Now, thought Carl, was she inanimate—a cunning piece of wax-work, and were the contrivers of the hoax, if such it were, watching him from secret parts of the room, to enjoy his doings?

He thought, however, after steadfastly eyeing her, that he perceived a slow heaving of the bosom, as though she strove to conceal the breath she drew. Intoxicated with his feelings, Carl could continue silent no longer.

'Oh, lady, if mortal you be—oh, lady, I die at your feet!' stammered Carl, with a fluttering heart.

'Carl, where have you been? You cannot—no, you cannot love me, or you would not have delayed so long!' replied the lady, in a gentle tone, and with a glance 'fuller of speech unto the heart than aught utterable by man.' What dazzling eyes were fixed upon the sinking student.

'I would to Heaven,' he stammered 'I might believe you—loved me; but—but—lady'——

'*But* what?—Ah, Carl! Do you doubt me?' enquired the lady, gazing at him with an eye of anxious tenderness. Carl's tongue refused him utterance for some moments, he trembled from head to foot.

'How, fair one, can you say you love one you know not? *Me* you know not——'

'*Not know you!*—Oh, Carl, Carl!' and she looked at him with a reproachful smile. The student stared at her in silence.

'Lady, I am bewildered! I know not where I am, nor how I came hither! Yet, blessed be Heaven, that I have thus seen you. I could die with your image in my eye! It would pass me to heaven! Oh, forgive me, lady, knowing that I rave; Your beauty maddens me! I sink—I die beneath it! I know not, nor can control, what my tongue utters! The only thing I know is, that I am unworthy of you——' gasped Carl, dropping his head upon his bosom.

'Then, Carl, is my love for you the greater, seeing it can overlook all unworthiness! But, dear Carl, why speak I thus? You are not unworthy—no, no! You are of great wit—graceful, noble—in a word, I——'

'Speak, lady! speak, speak! Delay not! I faint—I die!' murmured the impassioned student.

'Well, I love you, Carl! I have long loved you, since first my eye fell on you. Pardon the scheme——' Here the lady became inarticulate with agitation. A long pause of mutual trepidation and embarrassment ensued. Each cast forth furtive glances at the other; the conscious colour went and came alternately, in the cheeks of either.

Carl, still bending on his knee, gently strove to disentangle the hand which lay concealed beneath the folds of her veil. He succeeded, feeble as was the force he used; but the hand was still enveloped in the folds of a long white glove.

'May I not kiss these fair fingers but through a glove?' enquired Carl, fondly, and with returning self-possession.

'Why, you are truly of a sudden grown chivalrous as an old knight,' replied the lady, in a tone of subdued gaiety; 'but since such is your ambitious fancy, why should I refuse you so small a favour, who can refuse you nothing? So here is my *right* hand, Sir Knight. What would'st thou?'

She disengaged the hand on which her head had been leaning, and gave it to Carl, who smothered the taper fingers with kisses. Infatuated with sudden unaccountable passion, Carl, in a sort of frenzy, started from his knee, threw his arm around the sylph-like figure of the lady, and imprinted a long, clinging, half-returned kiss upon her soft lips!

He had neither time nor inclination to reflect on what he was doing—on the unaccountable freedom of his behaviour to a lady evidently of the highest consideration, with whom he had had—and that in the most unsatisfactory and mysterious manner—only a few minutes acquaintance. In vain did he strive to calm and settle his unsteady faculties, or sober himself into a consciousness of his real situation—of how he came thither—and how had come to pass the astounding events of the evening. He forgot all his harrowing suspicion of inquisitorial *diablerie*; he thought no more of the possibility that his frantic feats were the subjects of suppressed laughter to invisible powers! Every thing merged into his intense consciousness of present pleasure. He yielded to the irresistable impulse of his feelings, blind and indifferent to consequences.

''Tis all owing to the wine I drunk in the supper-room!' thought Carl; but, alas, how little did he know of the important events with which he had got extraordinarily implicated; of the principle and subtle influence which was at work preparing for him scenes of future change and suffering!

A few minutes' time beheld Carl pacing slowly up and down the spacious chamber, supporting his beautiful and mysterious companion, watching with ecstacy her graceful motions, and pouring into her ear the impassioned accents of love; not however, without an occasional flightiness of manner, which he could neither check nor disguise. When he listened to the dulcet melody of her voice, which fell on his ear like the breathings of an Æolian harp; when he observed her dove-like eyes fixed fondly upon him; and felt the faint throbbings of her heart against the hand that supported her, he almost lost all consciousness of treading among the lower realities of life.

Whilst Carl was thus delightfully occupied, his companion suddenly turned aside her head, and to Carl's amazement and alarm, burst into a flood of tears.—Burying her face to the folds of her veils, she began to weep bitterly. 'For mercy's sake, dear lady, tell me what ails you!' enquired the startled student. He repeated his question; but in vain. His reiterated questions called no other answer than sobs and tears.

'Lady! dear, beloved lady—why are you bent on breaking my heart? Have I then so soon grown unworthy in your eyes?' again enquired Carl, a little relaxing the arm that supported her, as though grieved and mortified at her reserve.

'Oh Carl, Carl! Indeed you are most worthy of my love, of all my confidence; but you cannot help me! No, no—I am undone! Lost, lost, lost forever!' replied the lady in heart-breaking accents.

Carl begged, entreated, implored, to be made acquainted with the cause of her agitation, but in vain. His thoughts (alas, what is man?) began to travel rapidly from 'beauty in tears,' to 'beauty in sullens;' and commisseration was freezing fast into something like anger, or rather contempt.

'Lady, if you think me thus unworthy to share your grief—to be apprized of its source—that so I may acquit myself, I—I—I cannot stay to see you in sufferings I may not alleviate! I must—yes, I must leave you, lady—if it even break my heart!' said Carl, with as much firmness as he could muster. She turned towards him an eye that instantly melted away all his displeasure—a soft blue eye glistening through the dews of sorrow—and swooned in his arms.

Was ever mortal so situated as Carl, at that agitating moment? Inexpressibly shocked, he bore his lovely, but insensible burden to the window; and thinking fresh air might revive her, he carried her through the door, which opened on the narrow terrace as before mentioned. While supporting her in his arms, and against his shaking knees, and parting her luxuriant hair from her damp forehead, he unconsciously dropped a tear upon her pallid features. She revived. She smiled with sad sweetness on her agitated supporter, with slowly returning consciousness, and passed her soft fingers gently over his forehead. As soon as her strength returned, Carl led her gently a few paces to and fro on the terrace, thinking the exercise might fully restore her. The terrace overlooked, at a height of about sixty feet, an extensive and beautifully disposed garden; and both Carl and his mysterious companion paused a few moments to view a fountain underneath, which threw out its clear waters in the moonlight, like sparkling showers of crystal. How tranquil and beautiful was all before them! While Carl's eye was passing rapidly over the various objects before him, he perceived his companion suddenly start. Concern and agitation were again visible in her features. She seemed on the point of bursting a second time into tears, when Carl, once more, with affectionate earnestness, besought her to keep him no longer in torturing suspense, but acquaint him with the source of her sorrows.

'Lady, once more I implore you to tell me whence all this agony?' She eyed him steadfastly and mournfully, and replied, 'A loss, dear Carl—a fearful—an irreparable loss.'

'In the name of mercy, lady, what loss can merit such dreadful names?' enquired the student, shocked at the solemnity of her manner, and the ashy hue her countenance had assumed. She trembled and continued silent. Carl's eyes were more eloquent than his lips. Seeing them fixed on her with intense curiosity and excitement, she proceeded:

'It is a loss, Carl, the effects of which scarce befit mortal lips to tell. It were little to say, that unless it be recovered, a crowned head must be brought low!' She shuddered from head to foot. Carl's blood began to trickle coldly through his veins, and he stood gazing at his companion with terrified anxiety.

'Carl!' continued the lady, in a scarcely audible murmur, 'I have been told to-day—how shall I breathe it!—by one from the grave, that you were destined to restore to me what I have lost—that you were Heaven's chosen instrument—*that you alone, of other men, had rightly studied the laws of spiritual being*—could command the services of EVIL SPIRITS,' she continued, fixing a startling glance on Carl, who quailed under it.

'Lady, pardon me for saying it is false, if it has been so slanderously reported to you of me; aye, false as the lips of Satan! I know nought of s, itits—nought of hereafter, but through the blessed Bible!' replied Carl, in hurried accents, a cold perspiration suddenly bedewing him from head to foot. His feelings began to revolt—to recoil from his companion—whom he could not help suddenly likening to the beautiful serpent that beguiled Eve; but she twined her arms closely around him, and almost groaned in heart moving accents, 'Oh Carl, Carl! that I might but tell you what I have heard of you, or rather what I KNOW of you!'

There had been something very terrible in her demeanor, latterly. She seemed speaking as if of set purpose, and her eye was ever alive, probing Carl's soul to see the effect of what she uttered. At least so Carl thought. All his apprehensions about the hideous Inquisition revived, and with tenfold force. Was this subtle and beautiful being one of THEIR creatures? A fiend, cunningly tutored to extract his soul's secret, and then betray him into the fiery grasp of torture and death?

It was long before he could speak to her. At length he exclaimed, 'For mercy's sake, lady, tell me what frightful meaning lurks beneath what you say? What is your loss? What do you know, or have heard of me? Tell me, though I should expire with terror,

'Can you, then, bear a secret to the grave, unspoken?' she enquired, gazing at him with an expression of melancholy and mysterious awe.

'*Did Thurialma appear again?*'

The student turned ghastly pale, and almost dropped her from his arms.

'I know not what your words mean,' stammered Carl, almost swooning. His companion's eye was fixed on him with well nigh petrifying effect.

'Carl,' said she, in a low tone, 'I am about to tell you the source of my sorrows—that is, my loss. There is none near to overhear us?' she enquired, faintly, without removing her eyes from Carl's.

'None! none!' murmured the student, a mist clouding his eyes; for, at the moment of his companion's uttering the words last mentioned, he had distinctly seen a human face peering over the edge of the terrace.

He shook like an aspen-leaf, shivering under the midnight wind.

'What have you lost?' he enquired.

'The fellow to THIS,' replied the lady, drawing off the glove from her left hand, and disclosing a bracelet the very counterpart of that in Carl's possession. His brain reeled;—he felt choked.

'What—what of him—that—hath its fellow?' He faltered, sinking on one knee, unable to sustain the gaze of his companion.

'He is either a sorcerer, a prince, or a murderer?' replied the lady, in a hollow broken tone.

Carl slowly bared his shaking arm, and disclosed the bracelet gleaming on his wrist. He felt that in another moment he must sink senseless to the earth; but the lady, after glaring at the bracelet, with a half suppressed shriek, and an expanding eye of glassy horror, suddenly sprung from him, and fell headlong over the terrace, at the very edge of which they had been standing.

'Ha—accursed, damned traitor!' yelled a voice close behind him, followed by a peal of hideous laughter. He turned staggeringly towards the quarter from which the sounds came, and beheld the old man who had given him the bracelet, and now stood close at his elbow, glaring at him with the eye of a demon, his hands stretched out, his fingers curved like the cruel claws of a tiger, and his feet planted in the earth as if with convulsive effort.

'Thrice accursed wretch!' repeated the old man, in a voice of thunder; 'what have you done? Did not her Highness tell you who you were?'

'Tell me!—what?' again gasped the student, half dead with fright, striving in vain to recede from the edge of the terrace. The hand with which the old man clasped Carl's wrist, quivered with fierce emotion.

'Tell me'——once more murmured Carl—'What did she say?'

'BAA!' roared his tormentor, at the same time letting go Carl's wrist, and slipping over the edge of the terrace, he was out of sight in an instant—leaving Carl Koecker BROAD AWAKE, and in darkness, for he had broken his lamp, and overthrown both chair and table. His fire had gone out to the last cinder, and a ray or two of misty twilight, struggling through the crevices of the window shutters, served to shew him how long he had been DREAMING.

He groped his way to bed, shivering with cold, and execrating the opera he had recently witnessed, whose ill-assorted recollections, with other passing fancies, had been moulded into so singular and distressing a dream.

Q. Q. Q.

THE TRUE UPAS.

A letter lately read before the London Geographical Society, by John Barrow, Esq. from Mr. Alex. London, gives the following narrative, which is sufficiently curious, and we trust more authentic than former statements, respecting the poisonous *tree* of Java.

The letter contained the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for the power of destroying in a very short space of time the life of man or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java, and on the 4th of July, 1831, Mr. London with a party of friends, set out to visit it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for that purpose, the party shortly afterwards reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted, and scrambling up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen during the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itself is described as one of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape and about thirty or thirty-five feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a segar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom where a sickening, nauseous smell was experienced without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds he fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown in after it died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who had been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without their knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.

NOTES IN WASHINGTON.

A letter from the correspondent of the Portland Evening Advertiser, gives us the following extracts:

Feb. 11.—It is Saturday—and no Congress—and I take this day to range about and see something new in the capital of our republic, whose population is ever ebbing and flowing.

My first visit was to the Department of State—not for an office, but to see the curiosities there contained. I was gratified with a view of the various treaties which foreign nations have concluded with our country, and with the signatures of many distinguished men whose names are thereunto appended. The name of Bonaparte is written illegibly, perpendicularly, and *slantindicularly*. This extraordinary man had an extraordinary way of doing every thing. I am told that when papers were presented to him for signature, he seldom or never took the trouble to arrange them so as to write his name horizontally under a document, but dashed down some scrolls that he called his name in whatever order the paper chanced to stand. There are in the Department of State two treaties signed by him. One signature is tolerably legible, but the other, no one would guess to be "Bonaparte." I believe he is the only man that could not, or would not, write his name well enough to be read. The name of "talleyrand" written without a single capital to the christian or surname is also annexed to one of the treaties.

There are also to be seen other treaties with South American and European nations. I saw a copy of a treaty with the Morocco Powers, which was, I conjectured, in Arabic.

By an article in our constitution, our foreign envoys are forbidden to accept any presents from a foreign power. This article is well enough in itself, but has often been the cause of much trouble. All foreign envoys who receive such presents, must for politeness' sake retain them, but they cannot retain them as their own—they must be lodged in the Department of State. The effect of such a regulation has been to collect not a few curiosities. A golden snuff box set in diamonds—cost about $2000, is carefully locked up here. An interesting story is told of this snuff box, for the accuracy of which, however, I cannot vouch. Our Envoy to Russia, on his return home, asked Mr. Adams to take a pinch of snuff out of a box which he said had been given him by the Emperor. "Given you by the Emperor?" said Mr. A. "Yes," was the answer. "Then," said Mr. A. "it must be locked up in the archives of State," and thus the snuff box was lost by an act of vanity.

Two splendid guns are also locked up in a glass frame, which were presents from the Turkish Sultan. One of them is set in coral, and is a gorgeous piece of workmanship. I know not the value, but it must have been very great. Antique vases of the reign of Vespasian and other Roman Emperors are shown. Also certain modern medals struck in commemoration of great events, some of which are very curious affairs.

After gazing at such things, I took a look at the Journals of the old Congress. The Clerk wrote in a large legible hand, and his books yet have an air of freshness about them. But the most interesting of all the curiosities was the original Declaration of Independence in a mahogany frame. The text is perfectly represented in the *fac simile*; but the names there appear with more boldness, owing to some obliteration which the original suffered when the *fac simile* was taken. I say this was most interesting, for a view of it seemed to carry me back to the very days when John Hancock struck off his name in fearless letters. The original wrinkles of the parchment are visible—the interlineations, and the badly printed caption. Such a paper wakes up the associations of one's mind—and fancy almost raises before him the very men whom he knows so well in his country's history, as they put their pen to the parchment for death or for victory.

The State Department being run over hastily—and the various officers are very polite—I went to the War Department. The first room I went into was a gallery of Indian portraits, many of which were taken by Mr. King. Among these portraits was that of Opoithyola, a Creek of extraordinary mental powers now in this city begging for governmantel protection. War clubs, tomahawks, wampum, beads, dresses made of bark, medals of the Presidents, struck for the Indians, flags from quills, &c. &c., bordered the room, and filled up various compartments. All of those savages whose portraits are hung up, were distinguished in their day either as the friends of the whites, or as warriors. Many of them have odd names, and more have odd habiliments.

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Washington's Birthday.—After the detail we have given of what was to be done at the seat of Government in honor of this occasion, we need only say that (except so far as was made impracticable) it was done. A subscription dinner was also given by some of the Members of Congress, at which there were present about a hundred citizens of different parts of the Union, chiefly members. Mr. Webster of Massachusetts presided, and Mr. Mercer of Virginia, assisted by Mr. Walter Jones of the District of Columbia, and Mr. Joseph Vance of Ohio, acted as Vice President. The following gentlemen addressed the company, all briefly with one exception; but all eloquently, viz: Mr. Webster, Gen. Mercer, Gen. Jones, Governor Barbour of Va. (a guest) Mr. Huntington of Conn. Mr. Newton of Va., Mr. Holmes of Me., Mr. Storer of O., Mr. Sprague of Me, Mr. Pendleton of N. Y., Mr. Robbins of R. I., Mr. Cox of D. C., Mr. Crane of O and one or two others. In all parts of the country the day was observed with the usual manifestations of rejoicing. In Philadelphia a great display was made, and their processions of military, the trades, &c. exceeded four miles in length.

Perhaps there is no man in the nation, who is so much afflicted by the refusal of Mr. John Washington to permit the remains of General W to be removed, as Judge Marshall. From the time he offered the resolution in 1799, to this period, he had fondly hoped he should survive the depositing the remains of General W. within the Capitol. The approaching anniversary seemed to him to be peculiarly appropriate for carrying into execution the resolution referred to. When he first heard of the answer given by Mr. John Washington, he was greatly overcome.

RESOLUTIONS OF VIRGINIA.

The General Assembly of Virginia view with anxious solicitude the efforts now making by the Congress of the United States to remove from Mount Vernon the remains of George Washington. Such removal is not necessary to perpetuate the fame of him who was "first in war, and first in peace," nor can it be necessary to perpetuate and strengthen the national gratitude for him who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." The fact that Virginia has been the birth place of the best and most illustrious man that ever lived, is naturally calculated to inspire her citizens with a strong desire to keep his remains enshrined in the land of his nativity. This desire is increased by the consideration that the burial ground was designated by the dying patriot himself, therefore, *Resolved, unanimously*, That the proprietor be earnestly requested, in the name of the people of this State, not to consent to the removal of the remains of George Washington from Mount Vernon, and that the Governor of this Commonwealth forthwith make known the feelings and wishes of the General Assembly upon the subject, in the most appropriate manner, to the present proprietor of Mount Vernon, and the Congress of the United States.

Agreed to by both Houses, Feb. 20, 1832.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

Washington, Feb. 18. 1832

To Silas E. Burrows, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in complying with your request to be permitted to take with you to New York for the Centennial Birthday, the sword and pistols of Gen. Washington, and I accordingly commit to your care those valued relics of my venerated relative.

My Father, by the will of Gen. Washington had the first choice of the swords bequeathed by him to his nephews, with the injunction "never to draw them except in self defence, or in defence of their country." The sword which I have placed in your hands was presented by Frederick the 2d, King of Prussia, accompanied by the compliment, "From the oldest General in the world to the greatest."

The pistols were bequeathed to me by my uncle, the late Judge Washington. They belonged to the General, and were used by him during the revolutionary war.

I request your acceptance of a piece of the mahogany coffin, which until last May enclosed the remains of General Washington; at that time we removed his remains with those of the other members of the family from the old vault, to a new one, built on the spot selected by himself, and in which he had requested that he and his relations should be entombed. The leaden coffin was in perfect preservation, but that which covered it was in a state of decay, and a new one was substituted.

I feel assured that this relic will be acceptable to you, by the evidence you have given, not in profession, but by your generous design of shewing your veneration for the son, by your respect for the mother; in rescuing from oblivion the spot where her honored but neglected remains are deposited. I would have loaned you Gen. Washington's diplomas from various Societies, and his commission, had it occurred to me.

I am Dear Sir, with great respect and esteem, yours,

GEORGE V. WASHINGTON.

MRS. MINA—LATE MRS. CHAPMAN.

This lady, whose trial excited so much attention, has been *acquitted*. This should lead us to be cautious in trusting to allegations of crime. The following report of the charges, which *have not been substantiated*, will show the propriety of not being hasty in our conclusions. It is the prosecutor's statement of his case.

"The indictment contained three counts, in all of which Mrs. Chapman was charged as being the principal, in the murder of William Chapman. The following is the substance of the testimony, to sustain which, Mr. R. said, the prosecution were able, and would proceed to adduce evidence.

"About the middle of last May, a stranger appeared, in a lone and distressed condition, at the residence of William Chapman, at Andalusia, in this county. He asked protection for the night, which was readily granted. His reception being cordial, as he was considered an object of pity, he prolonged his stay. In a short time he contracted an intimacy with Mrs. Chapman, which continued to increase daily, until Mrs. Chapman's affections became entirely divorced from her husband and given to the stranger. The evidence on this point will disclose a scene of the basest and blackest crime. An illicit connexion was known to exist between the stranger and Mrs. C. Her friends and family saw it, and it aroused their warmest indignation. So open and barefaced was the woman's infamy, that no admonitions from her friends had the smallest effect upon her. She was repeatedly heard to express a wish that her husband was gone.

On the 16th of June, this stranger left Andalusia and went to Philadelphia. While in the city he purchased a quantity of arsenic, for the purpose, as he stated, of preparing a collection of birds, for the South American market. He returned to Andalusia in a day or two, and shortly after Mr. Chapman was taken ill. On the 19th of June, a physician was sent for; he came, but thought it unnecessary to prescribe medicine. On the Monday following, Mrs. Chapman made some chicken soup, for her husband; she seasoned it while in the kitchen, and conveyed it to the parlor, where no person was present but this stranger. In his presence she mixed poison with it, and took it up to Mr. Chapman. Mr. C. partook of a small quantity after which it was thrown away, as also was the chicken of which it was made. Ducks belonging to a neighboring farm, which were observed over the chicken and soup, died in a short time after. Mr. Chapman grew worse rapidly; he complained of burning heat in his stomach, he complained of suffering the most excruciating pain, and vomited at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes. Mrs. Chapman was requested to send for a physician, but she refused. On Tuesday a similar request was made but without effect. A gentleman who visited Mr. C. was driven from his room, notwithstanding Mr. C.'s earnest request that he might remain. Late in the evening however, a physician was sent for; he came immediately and prescribed calomel, but by Mrs. C.'s order not a particle was administered. In the morning the physician called again, and asked if the medicine had been given. Mrs. C. replied no, and that it should not be. Mr. C. lingered until the 23d June, when he expired in great pain, from the effects of poison in his stomach.

Three months after, suspicions as to the cause of Mr. Chapman's death were excited by subsequent transactions, and his body was disinterred, and his stomach examined by several physicians. They came to the conclusion that his death had been occasioned by poison, and not by cholera morbus, as had been given out. In the course of the examination said Mr. R. we shall lay before you a letter from Mrs. Chapman to Mina, in which are several curious expressions, which can only be explained by reference to this heinous transaction.

Mrs. Chapman ascribed her husband's death to a variety of causes. To some she averred he had died from eating a large quantity of chicken, to others she called the meat beef, to others pork, to others veal. In nine days after the death of Mr. Chapman, she was married to Mina, and as soon as she became informed that suspicions were excited against her, without offering a word of explanation she promptly attempted to escape. These are the points which the counsel for the prosecution informed the Jury they should now proceed to prove.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1832.

LIFE OF JOSEPHINE.

We last week took notice of the Life of Josephine, as recently published by the Harpers.

We have seldom read a work with so much pleasure. The anecdotes of private life are numerous and interesting; and give the reader a better idea, not only of the true character of the empress, but of Napoleon himself in his domestic life, than is elsewhere to be obtained. We marked sundry passages for extraction, some of which we give below.

AMUSEMENTS.—When Bonaparte chose to unbend from the character of the stern warrior, he could mingle with the greatest ease in the most common concerns or amusements of private life. The following represents the First Consul, his wife, and their friends playing *Tog*—for so the boys call it in this country. After speaking of Napoleon's fondness for private theatricals, the author proceeds:—

"Another amusement may be described as still more peculiarly characteristic. This was the game of '*prisoners*,' so well known among school-boys, when two parties run against each other, seizing as captives such of their unfortunate opponents as happen to be caught within certain limits round the respective stations. The members of the ordinary circle at Malmaison were all young, active, and every one inclined to enjoy life *sans façon*, while their chief probably delighted in a sport which in some measure brought back an image of the grand game of war. Usually after dinner the party was arranged. Bonaparte and Josephine, Eugene, Hortense, Caroline Bonaparte, Rapp, Lauriston, Duroc, Isabey, with Bourienne, and a few other confidential retainers, divided into two camps, as they were termed; and, when nothing pressed, the sport often continued for hours. The best runners were Eugene and his sister; but Bonaparte, in the selection of partisans, always chose Josephine, never suffering her to be in any camp but his own. When by chance she happened to be taken prisoner, he always seemed uneasy till she was released, making all exertions for that purpose, though a bad runner himself, often coming down in mid career with a heavy fall on the grass. Up again, however, he started, but usually so convulsed with laughter that he could not possibly move, and the affair generally ended in his captivity. When placed in durance, or when Josephine had been taken, he kept constantly calling out to his party, 'A rescue! a rescue!' clapping his hands, shouting to encourage the runners, and, in short, exhibiting all the ardor of a boy at play. When we find the conqueror at Marengo, the restorer of France, thus yielding to the kindly promptings of harmless mirth in the bosom of his family, we almost forget his real character."

THE 'INFERNAL MACHINE'—JOSEPHINE SAVED BY CHANCE.—Our readers have all heard of the Infernal Machine, so called, which was placed for the destruction of Napoleon, as he was passing in his carriage through the rue St. Nicaise—and which, though it did not injure him, killed twenty other persons and wounded sixty. Josephine, who was following her husband in a separate carriage, escaped by the merest chance. "General Rapp remained to accompany the ladies; Madame Bonaparte's shawl being presented to her, the General began in a gay mode to remark on the pattern and color, urging another more becoming choice. Josephine in a similar tone of pleasantry, called the general a very bold man in venturing to criticise her toilet, adding, 'In return I shall take an opportunity of giving you a lesson how to attack a redoubt; meanwhile, since you insist,' addressing one of her attendants, 'bring me the general's favorite,' indicating the shawl which Rapp had mentioned. In this way a delay of a few minutes ensued, and the carriage containing Madame Bonaparte, Hortense, and Madame Murat, had just passed from the square of the Carousel when the explosion took place. The glasses, even at that distance, were shattered to pieces."

BONAPARTE'S WRITING MASTER.—"At Malmaison, Josephine happened to be in the cabinet one morning when an individual was introduced whose coat had once been newer, a circumstance sufficient of itself to give the wearer an air of embarrassment, independently of an address naturally none of the easiest. The person at length took courage to introduce himself as the Professor at Brienne, who had had the signal honor to teach the First Consul writing.—'And a proper penman you made of me!' exclaimed the latter, in great apparent wrath; 'ask my wife there.' The poor man was in great distress. Josephine laughed, and said something about the letters being always delightful. Bonaparte laughed too, and finished by giving the writing-master a small pension for life. All his surviving instructors at Brienne were in fact thus remembered. This gentleman, however, together with the Latin master, had no reason to be proud of their pupil. Napoleon's letters were not only miserably written, as every body knows, and sometimes not very correctly spelled, but were, moreover, bedaubed all over with large blotches; for he had a practice of dipping his pen into the ink-holder at every word, and throwing the superfluous liquor on his paper. So much was this the case, that a lady attached to the imperial household, seeing Josephine, as she stood behind her chair, often reading letters announced as coming from the emperor, and being short-sighted, relates, that for a long while she conceived the correspondence to consist chiefly of sketches and maps in miniature, and got very heartily laughed at upon inquiring concerning these supposed specimens in geography and the fine arts."

JOSEPHINE was ever on the side of justice, humanity, and mercy. What were her sentiments respecting the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, may be gathered from her conduct on that occasion:—When Bonaparte announced that he had arrived a prisoner at the outer barriers of Paris, Josephine threw herself from her bed, and on her knees conjured him to spare the life of the unfortunate Bourbon. After the murder had taken place, "she entered, or rather rushed, into her husband's apartment, crying, 'The Duke d'Enghien is dead! Oh! my friend, what hast thou done!' and threw herself sobbing on his bosom. Napoleon became pale as a corpse, pressed her in his arms, and exclaimed with extraordinary emotion, 'The wretches—they have been too hasty!' He hung over her for a moment, then left the apartment, supporting Josephine, who was incapable of walking without such assistance, along the corridor separating their bedrooms, and entered with her, vainly endeavoring to bestow that consolation of which at the moment, it was evident, he stood in need himself." That Napoleon felt compunction and horror for the crime which he had ordered to be executed, is very probable.

BONAPARTE could be generous and good where his ambition did not interfere:—"One day, when Josephine and Napoleon had escaped from greatness to a quiet breakfast and walk in a beautiful little island in the Olona, they met a poor woman whose cabin stood near the spot where their table had been spread. 'How do you live, my good woman? are you married? how many children have you?'—'Sir,' answered the woman, not knowing who put these questions, 'I am very poor, and have three children, whom we have difficulty in bringing up, for my husband, who is a day-laborer, has not always work.' 'Well, how much would make you perfectly happy?' asked Napoleon. 'Ah! sir, a great deal of money.' 'Well, but once more, my good woman, how much would you wish?' 'Oh, sir, at least twenty louis' (about 16*l.*); 'but what prospect is there of our ever having twenty louis?' The emperor ordered 3000 francs (125*l.*) in gold to be given her. The rouleaus being opened, and the contents poured into her lap, at the sight of such a quantity of gold, the poor woman nearly fainted away. 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'ah! madam, it is a great deal too much—and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a miserable woman.' Josephine re-assured her, saying, in the gentlest accents, 'You can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and, I hope, will be able to bring up your children comfortably.'"

The following is from a little work, entitled SPECULATIONS ON THE COMET, about being published by William Stodart, of this city.

SPECULATIONS OF A HOD-CARRIER.

I took notice of an Irishman, with a loaded hod on his shoulder. He repeatedly and devoutly crossed himself; then looked to the top of the building, which he was about to ascend, with a fearful and dubious air. He had got one foot on the first round of the ladder, and made sundry motions to raise the other; but seemed at every new trial to be arrested, and as it were pulled back, by some unseen hand. As I stood watching his motions and his countenance, he withdrew his eyes from the top of the building, and fixing them upon me, said—

"Do ye think it 'll come now?"

"What will come?" said I.

"Why the comic to be sure."

"The comet I suppose you mean?"

"Why yes, I suppose it's all one and the same crathur—that great big fiery body that's comin to burn the world all up to nothin, and all the paple that's in it, besides men, women, and childers, and drown all the rest in the middle of the sea. Oh, the cruel bloody-minded crathur, to desthroy every body, and not spare the poor babes themselves, nor their poor fathers that work hard every day to ate 'em and drink 'em! Do you think it'll come now, Misther?"

"*Now!*" said I.

"Why, yes, if you plase—now, or soon—to-day, or to-morrow, or next summer, that is to be?"

"I don't know," returned I—"I'm not in the secrets of the comet. But I understand very strange calculations are made respecting it."

"Are ye sure," said he, looking to the top of the building once more, "that it wont come to-day?"

"Why, really, Pat," said I, "that's more than I could positively answer. These comets are very eccentric beings; and there's no knowing what might happen."

"The divil thrust 'em for me," said Pat, "the barbarous crathurs! they wouldn't mind brushing down an Irishman from the top of a house, any more nor I should mind brushing a fly from the end of me nose. And then I'm informed they're so hot they'll burn all the flesh off iv ye, and roast your skin to the very bone, without any compunction as it were. You see, Misther, this house here is very high now, even to the very top iv it, as far as it goes; and if the comic should happen to kitch me there on the top, I don't know what would become iv me. I've got a wife and seven small childer, two iv whom are under the sod in swate Irland, and all depindent on me this very moment for every mouthful iv atin, and drinkin, and food and clothin, that they wear on their backs, poor crathurs; and that's what makes me afeard to mount this ladder."

"You needn't be afraid of the comet to-day, Pat," said I.

"Needn't I now?" said he, suddenly brightening up; "bless your honor's sowl for that word. I've been afeard to go up to the top iv this same, for fear the bloody comic should come along afore I could git down agin; and desthroy me root and branch; and burn the clothes and the skin off iv me; and kill me clane dead as a door-nail; and brush me down with the end iv his tail, to the great danger and desthruction iv me life and all the rest iv me bones. And do ye raaly think, now, Misther, that it wont come to-day, that bloody comic?"

"I'll insure you for sixpence, Pat."

"Well now that's kind iv ye; but the divil a sixpence have I got. Wouldn't your honor thrust me till night?"

"Ay, Pat, I'll trust you till the comet comes."

"Will ye now? Then, Misther, you shall have all me insurin. But afore I go up, you'll plase to give me a bit iv writhin to show that I'm insured."

"A policy you mean?"

"Ay, 'twould be thrue policy that; for then you saa I could show it to the comic, and let him know that I'm insured."

"Never mind the policy, Pat; I'll insure you by word of mouth."

Being satisfied with this, the Irishman mounted the ladder, and emptied his hod. While up there I could perceive that he turned his face to every point of the compass, as though looking for the approach of the dreaded visitor. He presently descended, and told me the insurance worked well, "for the divil a bit," said he, "did the comic dare to show his ugly face."

"But, Pat," said I, "comets seldom show themselves in the day-time."

"Oh, the thieves iv the world!" exclaimed he, "to come prowlin in the night like any other blackguard, who hasn't an honest face to show. But I don't care a fig for him, that same comic, in the night; becase why? I slape down cellar, me and me wife, and all me childer; and the divil a bit can he find us there, the thief."

"But," said I, "if the world should be burnt up, you'll be likely to go with it."

"Ah! there it is now; there's no safety for an Irishman at all at all. He's parsecuted in Ireland, and burnt to death with a vagabone of a comic in Ameriky; and he's nowhere to hide his head out iv sight, on the top iv the wide world. And then if this tarraqueous globe is desthroyed, and all the paple in it, where shall a poor body find employment. There'll be no houses to build, nor no paple to build 'em; and then what'll a poor hod-carrier do? Blessed St. Pathrick! what'll become iv me?"

"Never fear, Pat," said I, "trust in your patron saint; be honest, industrious, and temperate; and let the comet come when it will, it will never hurt you."

"Bless your honor's sowl for that word!" said Pat; and seeing him mount the ladder with renewed hope and fresh courage, I turned again to look about me.

POLISH CHIEFS.—A historical romance by this title has just been published by J. K. Porter, 144 Fulton-street. The author is Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. a gentleman well known for his fine classical taste, and as being the author of several previous works, among which we may mention Lectures on American Literature, a Life of Webster, Sketches of Character, &c. The work has been named the Polish Chiefs in honor of Pulawski and Kosciusko. Commencing with the American revolution, in which those chiefs bore a part, it is carried down to the late struggle for liberty in Poland. The style is of the easiest and most simple kind.

The following extract is taken from a scene in the Carpathian Mountains, where Pulawski and his servant were in search of some jewels hidden by the former, when he and other Polish patriots had fled there for safety:—

"One evening as Carlos was kindling a fire to dress some of the scanty food brought with them, they heard a confusion of sounds—the cry of a man, and the howl of a wolf—they came from the crag of the mountain just beneath them. Carlos sprung up and ran to the place from whence the sounds issued. A great wolf in the agonies of his ravenous hunger, had seized a half-naked man to devour him—they were then in the struggle for life. They had but a few moments for contention, before both master and servant arrived to the assistance of their fellow-man; but before they could reach the scene of combat, the wolf lay quivering in the agonies of death—the knife from the girdle of the ragged man had been plunged into the entrails of the monster, and had reached his heart. The man was covered with blood, but not much of it had flown from his own veins, but from the vitals of the wolf. His matted hair, wild look, and tattered garments, bespoke the maniac. 'Die! tyrant, die!' he exclaimed; 'There, there is Poninski, dead. Base traitor! thou hast deserved thy fate; go howl with the damned, thou base destroyer of thy country! Go, and let the curses of patriots ring in thy ears forever! Did I not keep thee from the halls of legislation while I could stand; and when the tripple cord that strangled my country was twisted and used, what infernal peals of laughter rang through all thy miscreant hosts!—and now thou hast come here to hunt me among the rocks.' The maniac turned his face to see who came near him, and Pulawski beheld the countenance of the great patriot, REYTEN, who had lost his mind at the fall of his country. The maniac continued, 'and who are you that come to assist the assassins of Poland? I am seeking Pulawski's bones, to make of them a charm to call murdered Liberty back to life, and to give her ghastly cheek some blood-color once more. Liberty is in her winding-sheet!—is there no spell to raise her? I will pluck her from the lowest depths of yon horrid chasm!' and before they had time to secure him, Reyten had dashed himself from the precipice into the immense abyss, down which reason shuddered to look."

THE COURT AND CAMP OF BONAPARTE. This forms the XXIX. volume of Harper's Family Library. It consists of a series of Biographical Sketches, including the Bonaparte family and the most distinguished personages that figured around Napoleon, whether in the civil or military line. These sketches amount to about fifty in all, and we think must prove exceedingly interesting.

We give an amusing anecdote below. At the time the mistake occurred, the empress, as it will be perceived, was deficient in a knowledge of the French language:—

"On one occasion Maria Louisa made a very amusing misapplication of a French term. About a twelve-month after her marriage a conversation took place respecting some measures adopted by the Austrian court, which not exactly meeting the views of Napoleon, he in his hasty manner, called the emperor Francis "*un ganache*," a stupid old blockhead. As the empress happened not to understand the expression, she requested to know its meaning. Her attendants, who could not venture to explain its real signification, told her that the word was used to designate 'a serious reflecting man.' The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition. During the term she was entrusted with the regency an important question one day came under discussion at the council. Having remarked that Cambaceres, the arch-chancellor, was silent, she turned towards him and said, 'I should like to have your opinion, sir, for I know you are a *ganache*.' At this compliment Cambaceres started with astonishment, and repeated the word in a low tone of voice. 'Yes,' replied the empress, 'a *ganache*, a serious, reflecting man; is not that the meaning of it?' No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded."

N. B. We wish our friends, the Harpers, would give a charge to their bookbinders, so to execute their work, that the books will bear reading through once, without sundry of the leaves coming out. It is a pity that so much excellent reading, so much good paper and print, should be lost for want of good stitching.

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS, explanatory of the New Testament. New-York: J. K. Porter, 144 Fulton-street. This is a neat little volume, the object of which is to place before the public a considerable stock of useful information in a small compass.

Oath of Danger.—A warrant cannot be obtained against a debtor in this State, except the creditor first take an oath that he believes himself to be in danger of losing his debt. This oath, as we are informed, is commonly termed the "Oath of Danger." A few days since a man appeared before one of the inferior courts in this city, and asked for a warrant against a certain gentleman, whom he named.

"A warrant against him!" said the Justice, in much surprise—"he's a man of property, and well settled in business."

"I don't know as to that," said the creditor—"but one thing I'm sure of, I'm afraid of losing my debt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed his Honor—"he's as good as the bank. I'm well acquainted with his circumstances, and should be willing to trust him a hundred times the amount of your debt."

"That's nothing to the purpose," returned the creditor, "I must have a warrant."

"You surely wouldn't swear that you are in danger of losing your debt."

"Yes, but I would though."

"Well, if you are willing to swear, I should be loth to administer the oath, because I'm personally acquainted with the man, and know him to be good."

"But I insist upon having a warrant," said the creditor, "and am ready to take the oath."

"I shouldn't do right to let you perjure yourself," said the Justice.

"That's my look out," said the creditor. "I *demand* the warrant."

"Well, if you will have it, it must be at your peril."

"At my peril be it then."

The oath was finally administered and the warrant granted. This being done, the creditor said—"Now I'll tell you the reason of my proceeding. I believe the debtor to be good for a much larger amount, and I've no reason to believe that he intends to run away: *but I shall be forced to run away myself in the course of a couple of days.*"

One *advantage of burning Gunpowder in a time of Peace.*—When Napoleon's son, the present Duke of Reichstadt, was first born, says a late historian, he appeared without any sign of life; and was only recovered from his lethargy by the effect of the concussion and agitation produced by the hundred and one pieces of cannon fired at his birth.

The Cherokee Case.—The Law of Georgia, *requiring* white persons residing in the Cherokee country to take the oath of allegiance to that State, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; and Worcester and Butler, the missionaries who were sentenced to the penitentiary for refusing to take that oath, are ordered to be set at liberty. No oath of allegiance can be lawfully required of any citizen of the United States; and to require such oath of persons residing in a foreign nation, is as great a stretch of absurdity as could well be imagined.

Concert and Ball. The N. York Amateur Music Fund Society are to give a Concert and Ball at Tammany Hall on the 15th inst.—where, no doubt, all those persons of both sexes, who are fond of pleasing the ear or shaking the foot, will attend without fail. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Collins, No. 67 Maiden-Lane.

Meetings for improvement in Vocal Music, are held by the Society, at the Shakspeare Hotel, corner of Fulton and Nassau-streets, every Tuesday evening.

Our Correspondent, who wrote to us last week respecting the age of the son of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is doubtless correct in suggesting that it must by this time be nearer *forty* than *twenty* years. The article, however, containing the error, did not originate in the Constellation, but was copied from the London Court Journal.

☞ The editor of this paper is preparing, and has nearly ready for publication, a work in two volumes, entitled *A History of the Life, Practice, and Opinions of Doctor Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q.* Respecting the design of this work, he will merely state here, that his principal aim is to delineate the character of a Medical Pretender.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. VIII.

Origin of Coats of Arms.—When Richard I. with a great number of his subjects, made a voyage to Jerusalem, in order to recover it from the Turks, the commanders in that expedition distinguished themselves, by certain devices depicted on their shields; but this invention not being found sufficient to answer the end, they made use of silk coats, with their devices or arms painted on the breast and back, which silk coats were worn over the armour; and from these came the coat, which the heralds now wear, and thence the term "*Coat of Arms*;" and from this time, nothing interposing to prevent it, arms became hereditary, descending to all the sons in the nature of gavel-kind.—*Sir Wm. Dugdale to Mr. Siderfin, Barrister Inner Temple, Charles II.*

Opie.—This celebrated painter was indebted to Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar, who found him laboring in a saw-pit), for his introduction to the world as an artist. When he was first heard of, his fame rested on a very humble foundation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed; his answer was, "I ha' painted Duke William from the signs, and stars, and sic like things for the boys' kites." The doctor told him some time after that he should paint portraits as the most profitable employment. "So I ha'; I ha' painted farmer —— and neighbor ——, with their wives and eight or ten children." "And how much did you receive?" asked the doctor. "Why, farmer —— said it were but right to encourage *genus*, so he ga' me half a guinea!" "Why you should get at least that for every head." "Oh! na," exclaimed Opie, "that winna do; it would ruin the country."

Scorn of Wealth.—Epictetus would never permit himself to emerge from the condition of abject penury: and Sir Thomas Moore was so great a despiser of money, that he says the Utopians made those vessels which were employed for the meanest purposes, of gold and silver. "When the Anatolian ambassadors arrived," says he, in a fine vein of satire, "the children seeing them with pearls in their hats, said to their mothers, 'See, mother! how they wear pearls and precious stones, as if they were children again!'—'Hush,' returned the mothers, 'those are not the ambassadors, but the ambassadors' fools.'"—*Bucke's Amusements in Retirement.*

Duchess of Queensbury.—When young and unmarried, Lady Rochester, her mother, had bespoken for her a court-dress; and such a dress being at that time very costly, a piece of a cheaper silk was put into the back part of the petticoat under the train, which so offended the young lady, that she drest herself with the back part of her petticoat in front, to expose her mother's frugality.—*Miss Hawkins' Anecd.*

Royal Happiness.—I have now reigned nearly fifty years," said Abdulrahman, the description of whose riches and power, palaces and precious gems, dazzle even after the expiration of many centuries, "in victory and peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honor, power and pleasure, have waited upon my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness, which have fallen to my lot. They amount to FOURTEEN!"—*Gibbon's Decl. and Fall.*

Danish Pandemonium.—In the Edda or Sacred Book of the ancient Danes, the eternal punishment of the wicked is thus described:—"There is an abode remote from the sun, the gates of which face the north; poison rains there through a thousand openings; this place is all composed of the carcases of serpents; there run certain torrents in which are plunged the perjurers, assassins, and those who seduce unarmed women; a black dragon flies incessantly around, and devours the bodies of the wretched who are there imprisoned."

Bishop Latimer.—"Old Bishop Latimer, in a coarse freize gown, trudged afoot, his testament hanging at one end of his leathern girdle, and his spectacles at the other, and without ceremony instructed the people in rustic style from a hollow tree; while the courtly Ridley, in satin and in fur, taught the same principles in the cathedral of the metropolis."

Sterne's Old Officer.—There wanted nothing but the *croix de St. Louis* to complete the reality of Sterne's picture, in the daily appearance of a veteran French officer at a corner of the Fly Market in New York, having a neat basket of little rich heart-cakes, made by his wife and daughter, and which he thus attended to sell. Thousands besides myself must have seen him within the years 1794-6, though they may not have noticed him so much. With a high cocked hat, he stood upright as a soldier under arms, holding the basket before him without saying a word, only in answer. The features and muscles of his countenance seemed fixed, as if recollecting what was due to his former rank in life, nor could I ever perceive the faintest approach towards a smile. I could not pass him without some of those sensations which Sterne so irresistibly creates by his inimitable description, and I became a constant customer, either to his basket, when any of my children were with me, or to his snuff-box, in which I usually dropt a piece of silver, requesting he would replenish it against my next call.—*Harriott's Struggles through Life.*

M. Klotch.—A German of the name of Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and *maître d'hotel* to the Empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and being a favorite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of "Donder and Blitz, vat is das for a fly summer!"—Her Majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was compelled to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present.—*Paramythia.*

Eloquence is the language of the heart; it carries the mind from the speaker to the subject, and raises us from words to things.—*No Fiction, I. 125.*

Letter from the Earl of Leicester to Dr. Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in behalf of his Nephew, Sir P. Sidney.

"I thank your good grace most humbly for my great cheere yesterday, and signify the same, but the chiefest matter wherein I had to move your good grace, was for a license to be granted to my boy Philip Sidney, who is somewhat subject to a sickness, for eating flesh this Lent, for which I then forgot to speak to you: and have now thought good to desire your grace to grant unto him the said license in whatsoever form may seem best unto you, so as he may have with him Mr. Doctor Cooper, who is his tutor: and thus I humbly take my leave.

From Durham House, this Wednesday, the 3rd of March, 1569,—your Grace's most humble to command,

Robert Leicester."

Dr. Zouch's Life of Sir Philip Sidney.

Beggar's Opera.—Every species of performers have attempted the Beggar's Opera, from the Theatre Royal to barns and puppet-shows. Not longer back than the year 1790, it was played at Barnstable, when Macheath had but one eye, and Polly but one arm; the songs were supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled the airs; while the manager could not read.—*Cooke's Life of Macklin*, p. 62.

Corneille.—Boileau thought Corneille the most majestic of authors, ancient and modern, with respect to sentiment and style; but his admiration of this great poet was restricted by the due limits of rational criticism. He thought the fertility of his mind and the vivacity of his genius were sometimes ill-directed, from a defect in his judgment.—*Boileana.*

Gyges, King of Lydia.—According to Herodotus he reigned thirty-eight years, and distinguished himself by the immense presents which he made to the oracle of Delphi. According to Plato, Gyges descended into a chasm of the earth, where he found a brazen horse, whose sides he opened, and saw within the carcase the body of a man of uncommon size, from whose finger he took a brazen ring. This ring when put on his finger rendered him invisible; and by means of its virtue, he introduced himself to the Queen of Lydia, murdered her husband, and married her, and thus usurped the crown of Lydia.

Michael Angelo, full of the great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chisel or his pencil. When some person reproached him with living so melancholy and solitary a life, he answered, "Art is a jealous thing; it requires the whole and entire man."

Admiral Dumanoir.—At the battle of Trafalgar he attempted to save his four ships by flight, but was afterwards taken with his squadron by Admiral Strachan. He fought well, and, when brought to Tiverton was wounded in three places. On my congratulating him on the prospect of being exchanged, he shook his head, and observed,—"I shall be tried by Court Martial on my return, and as my ships were taken, I know my fate;" however, instantly recovering himself, he added, with true French *non chalance*, "By Gar, Monsieur l'Empereur will very soon have no Admirals left; for all that will fight, *you* shoot; and all that will not fight, *he* shoots!"—*Notes to Rev. C. C. Colton's Poem of "Napoleon."*

Duke of Wharton and Dr. Young.—Shortly after Dr. Young had published his "Universal Passion," the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem!" The duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he "ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand."

When the doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, the same nobleman made him a present of a very different nature. He procured a human skull, and having fixed a candle in it, he gave it to the poet, as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*Malone's Spence's Anecdotes.*

Homer and Virgil.—Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist: in the one we admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careless magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. And, when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole creation.—*Pope's Preface.*

Experience.—After all, experience is a thing that all men praise. Bards sing its glories, and proud philosophy has long elected it her favorite child. 'Tis the *to kalon*, in spite of all its ugliness, and the elixir, vitæ, though we generally gain it with a shattered pulse.—*Young Duke.*

From the Exeter News-Letter.

OLDEN TIMES.

We lately gave to the public some extracts from the early Judicial Records of Massachusetts, or as the gentlemen of the bar would say—Reports of cases decided in that Province. There are sundry early decisions of our own courts, equally deserving attention; among which, perhaps, may be classed the following:

1654. The Court doth order that Jane Berry is to acknowledge she hath dun goodman Abbit wrong in sealing without witness.

Sarah Abbit is to acknowledge that she hath dun goodwife Berry wrong in evil speeches.

1655. The Grand Jury do present Thomas Furson for swearing "by God" and cursing his wife in saying "a pox take her." Sentenced to pay ten shillings and to be bound unto his good behaviour in a bond of ten pounds.

The Grand Jury do present the wife of Mathew Giles for swearing, and reviling the Constabell when he came for the rates, and likewise railing on the prudenshall men and their wives. Sentenced to be whipped seven stripes or to be redeemed with forty shillings and to be bound to her good behaviour."

The Jury do present Jane Berry for telling a lie.

The Grand Jury do present Jane Canney, the wife of Thomas Canney, for beating her son-in-law Jeremy Tibbets and his wife, and likewise for striking her husband in a cance, and giving him reviling speeches. Admonished by the Court, and to pay two shillings and sixpence.

The Grand Jury do present Philip Edgerly for threatening his wife to break her neck if she would not go out of doors; that for fear she came into goodman Beard's house in the night on the Lord's day, as she complained to William Beard the next morning. Sentenced to be bound to his good behaviour in a bond of forty pounds.

Philip Edgerly for giving out reproachful speeches against the Worshipful Captain Weggen, is sentenced by the Court to make a public acknowledgment three several public days: the first day in the head of the train band: the other two days are to be the most public meeting days in Dover, when Oyster river people shall be there present; which is to be done within four months after this present day: and in case he doth not perform as aforesaid, he is to be whipped not exceeding ten stripes, and to be fined five pounds to the County.

1656. James Rollins being presented for neglect of coming unto the public meeting, is admonished by the Court, and to pay the fees of the Court—two shillings and sixpence.

1657. Thomas Crawlie and Matthew Layn presented for drinking 14 pints of wine at one time. Fined three shillings and four pence, and fees two and sixpence.

Thomas Crawlie presented for calling Constable Alt, constable rogue, is admonished and to pay fees two shillings and sixpence.

Jane Walford being brought to this Court [June 27, 1656] upon suspicion of witchcraft, is to continue bound until the next Court at Dover, to be responsive. Jeremy Walford (her son) is bound in a bond of twenty pounds for her appearance.

1657, July 2. Jane Walford is discharged from her bond by three times proclamation in this Court.

Retaliation.—When the late Marquis of Londonderry was Secretary of State, a friend one day in a familiar conversation, took the liberty of asking him why in his official appointments, he did not promote merit? "Why?" cried the Marquis, "why, because merit did not promote me, to be sure."

THE SUITOR.

He has shaved off his whiskers and blacken'd his brows,
  Wears a patch, and a wig of false hair,
But it's him!—Oh! it's him! we exchanged lovers' vows
  When I lived up in Cavendish-square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
  And his voice was as soft as a flute;
Like a Lord or a Marquis he looked when he came
  To make love in his master's best suit.

If I live for a thousand long years from my birth
  I shall never forget what he told—
How he loved me beyond the rich women on earth,
  With their jewels, and silver, and gold!

When he kiss'd me, and bade me adieu with a sigh,
  By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh! how little I dreamt I was bidding good bye
  To my Miss's tea-pot and spoons!

Hood's Comic Annual.

DRINKING A TOAST.

We copy the closing scene of Mansie Wauch's adventures at the Edinburgh illumination.

* * * It was with great pleasure I heard Tammy Bodkin make a proposal to finish our drive by a prime supper in Lucky M'Conrie's in the Lawnmarket, to drink the King's health and have a canny crack over matters. There was another thing, we were anxious to see the house, having never been in it, sin' the days of other years. The thing took in a gliff, and Nanse and the other leddies being sent home under the charge of the frizzened monkey with the frizzed out head, we put every thing to richts by telling them that we would be at the house in less than an hour, at the same time taking a sly wink with the tail of our e'e, as much as to say "Friend, can you swallow that?"

As I must get on like house on fire, my paper wearing near an end, I will say little or nothing in praise of the finnan haddies, which were the real Aberdeen twas; or of the prime beefsteaks and the het penny pies, but I will remove the table-cloth, and the reader can imagine Tammy Bodkin, the Professor, James Batter, and myself, all sitting as comfortable as you like round a mahogany folding down table in Lucky M'Conrie's back room. And you maunna forget, since you have got this length, to place down a rousing bowl of punch, sending up its welcome steam in the middle of the whole. The first and foremost toast, as a matter of course, was the King—the Queen—syne his Majesty's Ministers, in and out of office, the Army, the Navy, &c. &c. but just as we were at a stand still, up got the Professor chield with the big wig, and craving a bumper to the lip, bade us all get to our shanks as he was going to give us something grand. This put us on our mettle and we got to our feet in the twinkling of a bed-post. The learned body then crackit away about the march of intelleck, and the signs of the times, and the spread of education and free schools, and mechanics' institutions, but at lang and last he came to the point very neatly, being neither more nor less than proposing the health of "Mansie Wauch, the Prince of Tailors, and an honor to his country." Od, but it was like the clap of thunder to me—I was electrified. Not so the company—they dappit with their doubled nieves on the good mahogany table, and stampit with their heels on the floor at such a rate that, will you believe me when I say it, the joists below gave way, and down we all went, higgledy piggledy, hocus pocus, into the house below, where a decent Eirisher and his wife were sitting comfortably at their hot supper. But the fun of the story is to come yet. Od when I lookit up after coming to mysell, what a sicht met my e'en—it is a perfect curiosity yet to think of it. There was James Batter, douce, honest man, sitting cocky-ride-a rosey on the shouthers of the Eirisher's wife, as natural as you like, and Tammy Bodkin had landed fair in the middle of the table, on a part that shall be nameless, in the heart of a dish of murphies, sorely beslabbered, as he shewed us when he gathered his legs, with the warm mealy-orrice.—Last of all, there was the big-wigged Professor chap with the punch bowl on his head as capital as you could have drawn it for tippence, sitting doubled up, as if he had been squeezed thegither with a pair of pinchers, having plumpit down into a tub of auld maister standing in a corner, that the gudewife was keeping for booking the sheets. Od but the body had a fearful smell when he got out. I was best off of the whole concern, having got clean through the curtains of the gudeman's bed like a shot, and when I wauken'd, I found myself as comfortable as you like, lying on the braid of my back on the top of the bed claithes.

We all got to our feet, and having paid for the damage done to the poor Eirisher's bit furniture, and settled with Mrs. M'Conrie, I took Tammy's arm, and left James Batter to bear the smell of the big wigged Professor all the road hame.

PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

The storm which threatens Europe is no passing cloud. We are getting more and more deeply involved in one of those great catastrophes which change the fortunes of mankind. Between the heaves of the earthquake there may be many and considerable pauses, but at every succeeding shock the rents of the social edifice become wider, till the whole fabric at last must lie level with the ground. An unseen power is smiting the idol of human dominions at its base. The feet on which it rests are broken, the iron and the clay are literally separating. The composite governments which resulted from the union of barbarian conquerors and Roman subjects have lost the cement that bound them, and are crumbling into dust. We have already witnessed a French, we have still to witness a European, revolution. In every country there is a new political sect, discouraged, oppressed, and persecuted, but unsubdued, active and aspiring. Whenever the standard of liberty is raised, it will find many friends in the midst of its enemies. The liberal party are few in most countries, compared with those who are still willingly enslaved by ignorance and superstition, and, when left to themselves, their measures fail, from the little interest which the generality of their countrymen take in the privileges which are held forth to them. But though weak, they are always gaining ground; they have present time in their favor; their opponents have only the influence of the past. Whoever begins to think, joins their side. The inert mass of ignorance is slowly but certainly diminished by continued detections, and liberty is assured of the ultimate victory, though the contest may be often unfavourable and always protracted. A great, and it is to be feared, a long warfare is begun; the past is opposed to the present, institutions to opinions, and the interests of the few to the hopes of the many. The absolute monarchs of Europe and the press cannot exist together. If the tide of ages could be rolled back, and the discoveries of later times annihilated,—if Divine justice would let the oppressions of many generations pass unpunished, kings might sit peaceful on their thrones, and false religion might retain the undisturbed possession of the earth; but the time is at hand and the word of prophecy is sure. The stone which Daniel beheld in vision is about to become a great mountain, and the end of earthly empire is near. The ten kingdoms of the Roman world, before we can hope for permanent peace, must be made as small as the dust in the summer thrashing-floor, and the wind must carry them away.—*Douglas's Pr. of Brit.*

From the New Monthly.

THE UNIVERSAL EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE ESSENTIAL TO THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS.

"The duty of a man hath great variety; and the persuasions of men are strangely divided; and every state of life hath its proper prejudice; and we shall perceive that men generally need knowledge to overpower their passions, and to master their prejudice; and therefore to see your brother in ignorance is to see him unfurnished to all good works; and every master is to cause his family to be instructed; every governor is to instruct his charge, every man his brother, by all possible and just provisions. For if the people die for want of knowledge, they who are set over them shall also die for want of charity."—Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Works, vol. v. p. 277.

It is at length settled by the opinions of the wisest of men, after the best experience, that whatever more must be done for the good of society at large, and of the poor in particular, one of the readiest means of improving the condition of both, is thoroughly to instruct the uneducated. No thinking man, indeed, believes that schools alone, even if extensive enough for teaching all the ignorant, old as well as young, will get rid of the just call for general reform; but such a consummation will do much in aid of other things, and by sharpening the invention of all classes, when reflecting upon what more is wanted, it will greatly facilitate its attainment. On the other hand, few will look for lasting peace in all that may be accomplished besides, if firm foundations for future good be not laid, in the sound knowledge which in various ways can now be safely given to the whole people.

The first step to this end is, to learn the extent in point of numbers of the people's present want of knowledge. Ten years ago* it was thought by those then held to be the persons best acquainted with the subject, that one-ninth only of any population could be found proper to be admitted into all kinds of schools. The subsequent exertions of many excellent individuals in this country, and abroad, and more extensive inquiries, have shewn that opinion to be erroneous. In parts of England not very carefully provided with the means of education, about a sixth part of the people is at present actually at school; and in the United States of North America (whence, in spite of our pride, we have to learn many lessons) numerous districts afford examples of instruction being imparted to more than to one-third and one-fourth parts of the inhabitants. Particular cases will illustrate these positions most satisfactorily.

At Steyning, in Sussex, out of 1450 the number of all the inhabitants of that town, according to the census of the present year, there are 240 children at school, although hitherto neither any infant school nor a *school of industry* is established there; and although the grammar school of the place is not yet conducted upon the only plan, which, as will be seen in our next number, is calculated sufficiently to attract numerous scholars. By the average distribution of ages in Sussex, as in other parts of England, about five-twelfths of the people are under fifteen years of age; and the large majority of individuals of that period ought to be at some kind of school. This rule, if properly acted upon, would give at Steyning at least 450 scholars instead of the present number, 240; whilst many individuals at more advanced ages than fifteen years might easily be provided with other means of instruction better suited to their time of life.

The United States of North America, with almost an English population, afford the following examples to illustrate the subject. In Kentucky, at Hopkinsville, a place scarcely perhaps yet redeemed from the wilderness, and not too favorable an example of American towns, out of 1350 souls, 426 enjoy regular instruction; 226 being at ordinary schools, (not yet including infant schools) and 200 *attending the Lyceum*, an institution of great importance, of which a few words will be said presently. Again, in the State of New York, with a population of one million and a half, 500,000 children are in the course of education. How many of the people attend Lyceums does not appear; and infant schools, although highly esteemed, are yet far from being universal. Other states of the Union are equally strenuous to promote the great object of teaching the people; and one of the ablest statesmen of that country, Mr. Livingston, has recorded the effect of the system in the following terms: "The plan of *general* religious instruction, embracing the doctrines common to all Christian sects, and excluding all sectarian doctrines, has been for years practised in Boston; and such a success has attended it, that, although the schools have been in operation more than ten years, and on an average more than three thousand have been educated in them every year, not one of those educated there has been even committed for a crime. In New York a similar effect has been observed. Of the thousands educated in the public schools of that city, taken generally from the poorest classes, but one, it is asserted has ever been convicted, and that for a trifling offence."*

These are facts which, if they prove the vastness of the work to be accomplished in this country, also prove the great amount of the materials waiting to receive only due care, in order to become of inestimable value. Especially is it to be considered in reference to the extent of the labour recommended, that education must be afforded to *all* the people, unless the reproach is to be incurred of leaving some against their will in more disadvantageous circumstances than the rest.

In England alone, taking the population at nine millions, there ought to be schools for at least three millions of souls under fifteen years of age, after making every deduction for sicknes and other impediment; and no provision of any kind, public or private, probably now exists for the education of many more than one-half of this number. If one seventh part of these are taught at their parents' expense, the rest unquestionably claim fairly, more or less, a public provision. The proper mode of raising this provision is not perhaps easily settled. There are strong objections to mere charity schools. But *public* schools are indispensable; and what is supported by general taxation is not a charity. In the present unequal distribution of property too, and most oppressed condition of the labouring poor, to expect large contributions directly, is out of the question. Nor is the evil of charity absolute; as the Pension List is filled without much self-abasement in those who have neither personal, nor reflected merits, it is probable that education will bring its compensations for the humility which its apparent eleemosynary character may fix upon the scholars. Odious distinctions must be rejected, and some palliatives may be devised for the evil, if it prove to be one, after we shall have determined to do the great work, to which, at the worst, it will be but an inconsiderable obstacle. In this very general estimate females are included; inasmuch as every plan of national education must be exceedingly imperfect which is confined to boys alone.

The existing institutions of the country for the purposes of education seem to be consistent with the proposed supply, by taxation, of what will more adequately meet the acknowledged wants of the people. If any of these institutions require to be reformed, as undoubtedly they do, due reformation is an essential part of their rule; and without violence to foundations they may all be accommodated to any improvements which sound discretion recommends.

In the following sketch of what is needful for the instruction of the contemplated three millions, it has been attempted to include all existing establishments in the range of what seems good for the more extensive usefulness of the old institutions, whilst their permanence is insured by connecting them advantageously with what is indispensable and new.

There is wanted, then, a system comprising, first, seminaries for teachers, male and female, and of various qualifications; secondly, infant schools; thirdly, what are usualy termed primary schools; fourthly, Sunday schools; fifthly, schools of industry; sixthly, mechanics' institutes and *lyceums*; seventhly, grammar schools, and eighthly, colleges.

First. *Seminaries for teachers, male and female, and of various qualifications.* Whether his Majesty the King of the French, the great practical pedagogue of the day, or Lord Chancellor Brougham, the greater theoretical "schoolmaster," may have reflected upon the importance of this first step towards the effectual education of the people, seems doubtful. They will both, however, admit its pressing necessity, which is proved by nothing more clearly, than by the difficulty now felt in private life to select a good school for the children of the rich; and by the more frequent difficulty there is experienced in all parts of the country, whenever the increasing demand calls for the establishment of a new school for the poor. Competent teachers are rare, and above all price.

In Switzerland something is done for this object in one of the Cantons; and various private associations in England and in other countries intimate its utility. In regard to the professors of one particular line of study, the munificence of a private gentleman in America is worthy of universal respect. Mr. Van Rensselaer, to whom we allude, a rich land-owner of the State of New York, has settled between seven and eight hundred pounds a-year upon a seminary of *teachers* to give instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life;—of teachers of science to the farmers and artisans of America. The results of this establishment are understood to have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the founder. Five classes have graduated at the school, and many of the members of each class are engaged in teaching upon the experimental and demonstrative plan, and in preparing other teachers for the same duties in British America, as well as in the various parts of the United States.

To a certain extent all universities are seminaries for instructing *teachers* of the higher schools; and such establishments as the *Training Department* of the British and Foreign School Society do much; but the want especially to be provided against by the seminaries contemplated, in the first article of our system, is the want, to use the language of the volume to which we are indebted for the foregoing notice of Mr. Van Rensselaer's foundation, of "seminaries devoted to the preparation of elementary teachers of the common branches, and to preparing instructors to give the first lessons to the infant."†

It has been observed, by a most competent judge, the late Governor Ashmun, of Liberia, that English-bred teachers excel those of other countries. Such testimony might stimulate us to multiply them with zeal; and, as Britain of old was the nursery of Druidism and religion to Western Europe, we might now earn a more honourable renown in the superiority of our disseminators of better creeds.

Secondly. *Infant Schools.* With respect to infant schools, so much might be said with advantage, that we regret to be confined to a very few words indeed on the subject. They are spreading rapidly in every quarter of the globe. They are the happiest means of withdrawing the young from evil example, and from the bad language of the unfortunate convicts in New South Wales, where they were introduced seven years ago; in India, and in Africa,‡ they are found most successful in anticipating the uncivilized habits of the tribes, to whom we have but too often imparted only the ills of civilized tyranny, and more than barbarian degradation. In our own most crowded streets they offer asylums from filth and neglect, and present examples of all that is good and happy. Still, infant schools are almost languishing in England for want of public support and good visitation. There are, perhaps, 25,000 children in them, instead of 150,000, who ought to be there. In Westminster, for instance the centre of public spirit, there are above 8000 children, from two to six years of age, fit for infant schools. During twelve years also, the richer people of Westminster have had before their eyes eminently successful examples of these schools, from their first establishment under Mr. Buchanan, their originator; and the inhabitants possess a rental of more than a million sterling on the one hand, whilst they see a yearly increasing mass of crime and pauperism threatening their peace on the other. Nevertheless, in defiance of this invitation—of this means of enjoying the good, and of warning given by so much evil, about 1000 only of the children are provided with this excellent corrective to vice.

An infant school in Geneva possesses an advantage deserving of universal adoption. The most valuable part of that establishment is justly described to be *the spacious and beautiful garden*, of which the children have the use. This is regarded by its instructor, M. Monod, as absolutely indispensable. In it they take their diversions, perform gymnastic exercises, labour with their little rakes, wooden shovels, and wheelbarrows, a roof being made over part of the grounds for exercise in wet weather.

There are now in England, it is thought, above 500 infant schools, the whole number wanted being

* See the speech of the present Lord Chancellor upon bringing in a Bill in 1820 for the general education of the people.

* Introductory Report to the Code of Prison Discipline for Louisiana. By Edward Livingston. London edition. 1827. p. 22.—*See Webster's Speeches.*

† American Annals of Education. Vol. i. pp. 231, 232. Boston, May 1831.

‡ The following account of the first infant school at the Cape of Good Hope, from the pen of the master, a very young man, himself an infant school pupil, to his father, Mr. Buchanan, of Westminster, will be read with interest: "*April* 1, 1830.

"We commenced school on the 15th of last month. It is principally intended for the children of slaves, and already contains 160. Here is a capital field for exertion! The greater part of the children are little curly-headed urchins, flat-nosed, and thick lips, with snow-white teeth, and fine, large, intelligent eyes. They are remarkably active, and in docility and capacity I think them superior to the white children *here*, who are generally spoiled, and who early acquire a violent, domineering spirit, the natural effect of slavery upon the masters. One of the most pleasing scenes I ever beheld, or could imagine, is presented by these little bronze and japanned creatures, when they walk round the school to the sound of my flute, or sing,

'Oh! how pretty 'tis to see
Little children all agree;'

clapping their hands, or stamping their feet to the sound of their own voices; or a number of them in the class-room, with my brother at their head, learning to read, spell, count, or repeat the little hymns and songs."

about 6000. Whatever may be said of other seminaries, to these there seems to be no serious objection. Instead of taking labourers from industry, the absence of infants at school enables their mothers to attend to profitable employment; and most enviable will that Member of a Reformed Parliament be, who shall bring before the legislature the details proper to promote the establishment of institutions, which, duly managed, will secure universal applause.

Thirdly. *Primary schools.* This title, which should be transferred to infant schools, designates those with which we are all familiar, under the names of the National, or Bell's schools, and the Lancasterian schools. As it is no part of the present purpose to discuss minute details respecting the management of different modes of instruction, it is sufficient to say that about 370,000 children now attend the National, and above 60,000 the Lancasterian schools; and it will be cause of much satisfaction if the distinctions heretofore productive of many evils to these establishments, can be removed by an honest and wise union of them all, divested of mutually injurious peculiarities in point of religious minor doctrines.

Fourthly. *Sunday schools.* These schools are also familiar to every reader. They now contain about one million of scholars, most of whom, however, attend the primary schools; to the statement of which fact we shall only add, that has been proposed by one of the ablest of those scholars, Mr. Rowland Detrosier, of Manchester, to increase their usefulness by adding to their subjects of study.

Fifthly. *Schools of Industry.* It has objected to the education of the poor, that the profitable employment of their hands is better for them than the intellectual employment of their heads; and if schooling made idle men, there would be much in the objection. Our forefathers were of opinion however, that schooling is not in itself an evil; and if it can be shown, that profitable labor may be exercised, and habits of industry acquired, at the very time during which learning is being gained, the cause of learning, thus combined with industry, will triumph without a dissenting voice.

For several years past, Fellenberg and others upon the Continent have united various kinds of labor with study; a practice familiar to the most eminent nations of antiquity. In the United States (to go again to North America for examples of good,) this system has of late been most favorably begun at schools called *Manual Labour Academies.* To Englishmen, who know how much general and scientific tuition takes place in the Royal Navy at the same time that the midshipmen are also discharging their frequently arduous naval duties, it will be obvious that to divide the attention in this way, is far from having the effect of blunting the faculties. To what extent it may be carried as an economical process, remains to be tried by experience. Already, however, it has given hope to hundreds of the poor, that the morning of life is not necessarily to be worn away in unmitigated toil, leaving old age either ignorant or pennyless.

Sixthly. *Lyceum and Mechanics' Institutions.* These institutions are of somewhat a like kind; the latter being of English origin; the former, of American. It is not expected to say more respecting Mechanics' Institutions, than that experience has proved them to be deserving of more extensive use, and their founder, Dr. Birkbeck, to be one of the benefactors of his species.

The American *Lyceums* being less known, and in some important points of a different character, the following account of them is offered from the volume before quoted.

The name *Lyceum* was originally applied to institutions designed to promote the cultivation of natural sciences, by mutual communication and influence; and a number of these were long since established in the state of New-York, whose efforts have done more perhaps for the promotion of science than any other single means. Within a few years, the people of a town in Massachusetts resolved to form an institution for mutual improvement, not merely in natural science, but on all subjects of immediate interest and usefulness, and with a special reference to the promotion of knowledge among themselves, and the extension of the sphere of instruction in common schools, by exciting the taste for knowledge, and showing its value. They assumed the name *Lyceum.* This example was imitated by other towns. Several towns united to form a *County Lyceum,* composed of delegates from the towns. The institution spread from county to county. *State Lyceums* have ultimately been formed in several States, designed to embrace the County Lyceums, and others are soon to be formed.

In this way, the term *Lyceum* has been applied to *associations for mutual improvement,* by means of discussions and public lectures, and the collection of libraries, apparatus, and objects of natural history. In this application of the term, which has now become too general to be changed, the Lyceum is essentially a *social institution,* availing itself of the social principle to call forth the resources of every individual, for the benefit of the community. The subjects of discussion and lectures will, of course, vary with the resources, and with the disposition of the members. In this way, topics are treated which the wants and taste of the community demand; and all are interested in it as a means of amusement, as well as of instruction.

More questionable means of amusement are thus excluded; and a new and improving direction is given to the thoughts and conversation of all its members in their social intercourse.

These institutions have actually produced these effects to a very considerable extent. In some towns, collections in natural history, libraries, and apparatus have been purchased. In others, buildings have been erected for the Lyceum, which have been at the same time used for other public purposes. In some instances, public spirit has been awakened by means of these associations, which has shown itself in the promotion of other public objects of great importance.

Such are the associations which have united in resolving to form a *National Lyceum* designed to consist of delegates from State Lyceums, in order to combine their efforts, and watch over the interests of these institutions throughout the country. Simple and republican in their character, adapting themselves to the wants and conditions of every community, and leading to combined operations for public objects, we think they are among those means of usefulness which deserve the patronage of every friend of improvement.

The particulars of grammar schools and colleges, and their proper connexion with the institutions now noticed, together with the manner in which the whole system of national education may be established in England, so that we may be one people, and of one mind, will be the subjects for a future paper.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

WILL OF THE DUKE OF BOURBON.

The nature of the important suit now pending in France to annul the will of the late Duke of Bourbon, will be better understood by the general reader, and perhaps opinion will be directed to a right judgment on the fatal or criminal act which placed so much property at the present award of a French court of justice, by a recapitulation of the principal circumstances attending this affair.—*Bell's Messenger.*

The late Duke of Bourbon, and his relative the late Duke of Orleans, were perhaps the richest subjects in Europe. Though in opposite sides of politics, the revolution, which, like death, levelled all alike, deprived them both of their paternal inheritance, confiscated their property, and sent them into a long exile. On the restoration in 1814, such of their estates as had not been sold were restored to them, in an improved condition, and placed them in that pre-eminence of wealth and magnificence which their fathers had enjoyed.

The Duke of Bourbon, or Prince of Conde, possessed fiefs in Provence. The town of Cotignac, and the counties of Cances and Flassans, derived their jurisdiction from him. His property in the neighborhood of Paris, at Chantilly, and at Montmorency, was immense. Some idea may be formed of the splendour in which he lived, and of the immense revenue which he enjoyed, from the account which one of his aide-de-camp (General Lambot) gives of his household, or rather of "his court," in a pamphlet lately published, entitled "*Trois Ans au Palais-Bourbon.*" The author states, that when, in the year 1827, he came to assume the post which he continued to occupy till his Royal patron's death, the court of his Royal Highness consisted of a First Gentleman of the Chamber, who was a Count,—of a squire commandant, who was a Count,—of a Captain of the Chase, who was a Count,—of three other gentlemen of the Chamber, two of whom were Viscounts and one a Baron,—of another Count who was an Aide-de-Camp; besides the family of Madame de Feucheres, who had one brother or relative, a Baron Dawes de Flassans, in the office of a Squire, and another, Mr. George Dawes, in the same situation. Nearly all these noblemen were married, and had accommodation for their families, as well as for themselves, in the Prince's palaces or castles. One person is mentioned among the rest, without any peculiar designation, or any ostensible character in the Prince's household, though she directed the whole: we mean "Madame la Baronne de Feucheres." We are not told how she got there, or in what capacity she remained; but we find every thing revolving around her as if she were the centre of the system. We find persons desirous of the Duke's favor obliged first to pay their court to Madame la Baronne; we find her at the head of all intrigues, and the dispenser of all favors. In the trial about the will she becomes, for her own interests, the patroness of royalty, and gives her countenance and support to a future monarch as a reward for an introduction to the court of his predecessor. The Baron de Flassans, made a noble by her influence, and Squire George Dawes, had both been introduced to the Prince's family by her influence.

As his Royal Highness had no children but a natural daughter, whom Madame de Feucheres had influence to supplant in his affections,—as he had reached a very advanced age, and was often exposed to dangers in field sports, which he would not renounce,—it became, from 1822 or 1823, an interesting question at Court to whom he was to leave his immense fortune. Prince Louis de Rohan, his nearest relative, seems to have been a great favorite with him, as he partook of his fondness for the chase, but he never appears to have made any engagements or promises in his favor. From his attachment to the Duke of Berry, he would certainly have adopted his orphan for his heir, had not this orphan been likewise the heir presumptive to the throne. The only public use for which he seems to have destined any part of his property, was the establishment of an institution at Ecouen, for supporting and educating the children of the army of Conde. In this undetermined state of mind the Duke of Orleans found him when he gave him a god-son, in the infant Duke d'Aumale.

It is quite evident that before his will was actually made in 1829 by the Duke of Bourbon in favor of the Orleans family, though the political alienation which had taken place in the early part of their lives had been removed, nothing like intimacy, cordiality, or confidence, was established between the Prince, who shared all the prejudices of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and who, like them, had learned nothing since the revolution of 1789, which they detested, and him who had adopted the principles of that revolution,—who sent his children to be educated at the public schools, that they might learn the feeling of citizens,—and who for many years had been regarded by the liberal party as the presumptive heir of a revolutionary throne. On one occasion the Duke of Bourbon himself alluded to a few of these differences between the character of the Duke of Orleans and his own. "At the time of the Revolution," said he, to M. Lambot, "the Duke of Orleans would have cut your —— and mine; but let that pass. Go you to Paris and invite him to the *fete* of St. Hubert (at Chantilly.) If he does not like the chase, he need not come in the morning, but arrive to dinner, and to play in the evening." The inmates of the Tuilleries thought it necessary to court the Orleans family, and to appear to confide in them. They communicated this feeling to the Duke of Bourbon, but it seems never to have been adopted with any warmth. "I had," says M. Lambot, "a long conversation with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly, in 1828. I saw that he labored under a strange error. He thought that the Duke of Bourbon would be inclined to adopt one of his sons, but for the opposition of Madame de Feucheres. Whilst, in reality, his Royal Highness had no decided idea on the subject."

When, separated from her husband, Madame Feucheres enjoyed the protection of the Duke, she was forbidden to appear at court. Many attempts were made in vain by the faithful servants of the Prince to remove her from the Bourbon Palace; in these attempts were always seconded or suggested by the royal family. When the Duchess of Orleans (says General Lambot) spoke to the Dauphiness of a visit from Madame de Feucheres at Neuilly, the latter replied, "I hope you have not received that woman." "No," answered the Duchess, who dared not avow the fact, "it was my husband who received her." On her part, her desire to be again received at court seemed to amount to a passion. When pressed to support the claims of the Orleans family with the old Prince in her toils, she always (says General Lambot) asked what she was to gain for the exertion of her acknowledged influence. "She told me," says Lambot, that "she had made to her magnificent offers if she would try to decide the Prince to an adoption, but that she had always refused to enter on the negotiation on any other condition than her re-admission to court."

The Revolution of July, 1830, was to produce a striking change in the views and intentions of the Duke of Bourbon, respecting the destination of his property, and the character of his future associates. He had been reconciled to the Orleans family, and treated them with more kindness than the difference in their tastes and habits would have led us to believe, mainly through the influence of Charles X. and the Duchess of Berri. The King had given his consent to the project of adoption which was to constitute the infant Duke d'Aumale heir to the immense inheritance of the Condes; and in order that the Duke of Bourbon's more necessary instrumentality might be obtained, had condescended to receive its successful negociator, Madame de Feucheres, at court. Had the royal family exerted their influence against the Orleans' scheme of succession, there is every reason to believe that the reverence of the Condes for the chief of the Bourbons would have led the Duke to resist it, even though supported by Madame de Feucheres. But so far was this from being the case, that the Duchess of Berri, whose own son was *then* above the possibility of courting the inheritance of a subject, was an advocate for the Duke d'Aumale, saying, "Let the Orleans family have it, *they are so good people.*" The King, with whom he had shared exile,—the Dauphin and his consort,—the Duchess of Berri, and her son, had in the course of three short weeks paraded the funeral procession of their greatness from the Tuilleries to the coast; and the three generations of Bourbon Princes, to whom the old Duke was greatly attached, had been obliged to seek an asylum in a foreign land. As his Royal Highness had unwillingly agreed to the project of adoption in favor of the Duke d'Aumale, and only because the young Duke of Bordeaux, being supposed born of higher destinies, did not require and could not accept his inheritance, it was universally believed, in his household, that he would have altered his will in favor of the latter.

It appears, from the memoir of M. Lambot, and the testimony of other persons, that after the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne, the old Prince of Conde still maintained his intercourse with the family of the new sovereign. He sent from St. Leu to congratulate the citizen King upon his accession, though some of his servants endeavored to persuade him that a Conde should be with the opposite camp. Madame de Feucheres was, of course, a warm partisan of the new dynasty who occupied the court which she was so anxious to enter, and did every thing to make the Prince forget the white flag and hoist the tri-color. In answer to the compliments of his royal highness, the King sent an aide-de-camp to testify his regard and respect for his relative.

On the events that passed between the "glorious week of July," and the morning of the 27th of August, when the Prince of Conde was found dead in his bedchamber, we have not room to enter. Suffice it to say, that his royal highness had been making preparations for a journey—that he had been arranging about funds to defray his expenses—and that he in general seemed distressed at the scenes which he was doomed to witness. He had never, however, shown any tendency to that despair and melancholy which leads to suicide: he was too fond of life to wish to leave it. He was subjected to no dishonor by his position in the new monarchy, and no revolutionary attempt was threatened on his fortunes. On the night in which, according to report, he must have committed the fatal act, he played at cards till a late hour, and left his household party in more than ordinary spirits. A great accumulation of small but decisive circumstances militate against the supposition of his suicide: the winding up of his watches as usual—the knot on his handkerchief to remind him of something which he had to do to-morrow,—and other little observances, totally at variance with the anxiety and agitation which must precede the commission of self-murder, except by persons of the greatest strength of mind,—leave little doubt that his death was not voluntary. But, without entering into these, we shall merely quote the opinion of General Lambot, who had been in his service for three years, and remained with him till the morning of the 26th of August, on the night of which he said:—"My intimate relations with the Prince for three successive years, have enabled me to form an opinion on this subject as good as that of any body—and I declare that it is impossible for me to believe that the death of the Prince was voluntary, or by his own hand."

Was he, then, murdered? and who were the murderers? an impenetrable veil conceals the facts, and withdraws the evidence which could afford an answer to these questions.

Of the Baroness de Feucheres, who is so prominent in the business, one of the London papers gives the following history:—

This lady, whose maiden name was Sophia Dawes, was born at St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, where her parents resided. On the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to Portsmouth, in 1814, she held the humble situation of bar or chambermaid at one of the inns of that town, where the late Duke of Bourbon chanced to see and became enamoured of her. In 1817, Sophia received an invitation to Paris, where she became acquainted with an Aid-de-Camp of the Prince, named Feucheres, to whom she was married in the following year. Her husband, at the same time, received a Colonel's commission, and she herself the title of the Baroness de Feucheres. Owing, however, to her reported intrigues with the Duke of Bourbon, she separated from her husband shortly afterwards. Mr R. Dawes, father of this fortunate lady, was a painstaking pilot and oyster-dredger, and was reported to be largely engaged in the free trade system. He was at one time in possession of a gallon measure full of guineas, but the vicissitudes of his mode of life soon reduced him to poverty, and until within these four or five years he was an inmate of the house of industry, from whence he was taken by his daughter, the Baroness, and placed in comfortable lodgings at Carisbrook, where he died about 18 months ago. The Baroness has lately purchased considerable property at St. Helen's, and has taken most of her relations to reside with her. One of her brothers, who was formerly apprenticed to Mr. Germain, bookseller, of Portsea, is now a Peer of France, with the title of Baron Dawes."

The *Baroness de Feucheres,* who inherits the bulk of the immense property of the late Prince of Conde, has lately purchased of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, the marine village of Bure Homage, near Christchurch, and intends to make it her future residence.—*Morn' Herald.*

Miss Frances Wright.—Letters have been received in town mentioning the marriage of the notorious Miss Wright to a foreigner, neither young nor handsome, but rather having something of an ogre in his appearance—in other words what ladies would call "a fright." It is added that the aid of Lucina was successfully invoked by the happy couple before they had recourse to Hymen. The least said about such matters the better in general cases; but there is some thing in the particular instance before us "to point a moral," if not "to adorn a tale." The subject of the scandal, though long since thrown off and disowned by the kind friends whose feelings her manifold improprieties outraged, was at one time a woman whose talents, intelligence and modesty of deportment, richly entitled her to all the courtesies which were extended

her. She lost her respectability not by being carried away by the "vanities of the world," the intoxications of life acting upon a weak mind, but by an attempt, not less remarkable for its impudence than its absurdity, to break through the usages of society with impunity, and set its established rules at defiance. Her present condition contrasted with the former estimation in which she was held, reads a striking lesson to her sex to confine their ambition within their own peculiar sphere of power; and to the followers of her tenets generally does this termination of her course teach the absurdity of embracing doctrines whose tendency their original promulgator has so forcibly illustrated.—*American.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 25th, Samuel Marsden Cutler, to Miss Elizabeth Cecilia Bell.

On the 29th, Randolph Manning, Esq. to Miss Eliza P. Randolph.

On the 29th, Henry C. Goethe, to Miss Jane A. Pawcett.

On the 1st, Charles Henry Raberg, to Miss Celestine Gaultreau.

On the 3d March, 1831, Charles A. Scott, to Miss Lydia S. Holt.

On the 29th, Wm. H. Cooper, to Mrs. Eliza P. King.

At Newburgh, Wm. Clayse, to Miss Sally Jane Gillies; and Isaac R. Talmadge, to Miss Susan Jane Doxey.

At Rome, N Y. John Shaver, to Miss Huldah Hempstead.

At Newburyport, Wm. C. Pike, to Miss Sarah J. daughter of Capt. Joseph T. Pike.

At Amesbury, Mass. James Woolstonholmes, to Miss Mary Wood.

At Salem, Thomas H. Lefavour, to Miss Mary Brown, daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Brown.

At Hyannis, Capt. Joshua Baker, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Capt. Warren Hallett.

At Duxbury, Daniel Wadsworth, of New Bedford, to Miss Mary S. Hall.

At Bradford, Abner Hardy, to Miss Mary A. Gale, formerly of Haverhill.

At Castleton, Vt. Mark F. Field, Jr. to Miss Philena S. Powell.

At Benson, Cyrus Gates, of Castleton, aged 76, to Mrs. Hepsibah Cooley, aged 74. The wedding was attended by children, grand children, and great grand children.

At Rutland, Silas Green, of Clarendon, to Miss Lydia Benson, of Rutland.

At Mauch Chunk, Pa. Joseph Lippincott, to Miss Catharine Salsbury.

DIED,

In this city, on the 25th, Frederick Babcock, Esq. aged [illegible] years.

On the 29th, Oliver Avery, aged 43.

On the 29th, Mrs. Hannah Keeney, aged 64.

On the 29th, Cornelia, wife of George Lanckenau.

On the 30th, John A. Hardenbrook, aged 73.

On the 1st, John Reid, aged 40.

On the 2d, James Ferris, aged 70.

On the 1st, Frances Ann, wife of A. Richardson.

On the 23d, Josephine, daughter of the late George Youle, Esq. aged 18.

On the 5th, John Cowman, aged 59.

On the 5th, Francis Sawyer, pilot, aged 32.

On the 5th, Francis Wainwright, aged 66.

On the 5th, Mrs. Jane, wife of Anthony M. M. Hoffman, aged 35.

On the 17th, Gilbert Dean, Jr. of Salisbury Mills, Orange, aged 56.

On the 4th, Francis M'Cabe, aged 40

At Aquahanock, N J. Robert Kearney, aged 19.

At Brewster, Mass. Mrs. Mary Crosby, widow of Deacon Nathaniel Crosby, aged 95.

At Bridgewater, Elizabeth Brown, wife of Lieut. Daniel Brown, aged 57.

At Providence, Capt. Philip Chase, of Freetown.

At Thomaston, Rev. Elisha Snow, aged 91, for many years pastor of the Baptist Church.

At Pittsford, Vt. Elder Luther Wicker, aged 74.

At Portland, Clement Fowler, aged 76.

At Philadelphia, Tracy Taylor, Esq.

At Huntington, Pa. Mrs. Ruth McConnell, relict of the late Matthew McConnell, of Philadelphia

At Bloomfield, Oakland county, Michigan, James Hill, a native of Ayreshire, Scotland, aged 36, formerly a merchant in this city.

At St. Croix, John Ford, Jr. son of John Ford of this city.

At London, William Jones, senior partner of the house of Wm & Samuel Jones.

At San Blas, Captain Robert Wilson, aged 33, a native of Salem.

THE celebrated *Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir and Pills*, for sale by Dr. Thorp, No. 399 Broadway. Letter from a respectable physician in this city:

Dear Sir: Having had several dyspeptic patients within the last 18 months, that I was unable to relieve with the most approved practice of the day, and having heard of the Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir, I resolved upon giving it to those on whom the ordinary remedies had no effect in relieving. I procured two or three bottles for Mr. H——, who had been afflicted for several years, and within the last six months his complaint had become very distressing, his digestion greatly disordered, he lost his appetite, his food caused him great uneasiness in the stomach, and was almost always rejected by vomiting, except when taken in a very small quantity, and of the mildest kind. He began the use of the Elixir as directed, and at the end of five or six days, his disease began to give way, his stomach became more retentive, his food produced less pain when taken, the stomach began to show some power of digestion, and his strength began to improve; at the end of eight weeks from his beginning the Elixir, he was able to partake at table with his family. It is now six months, and he continues to enjoy good health. I have since given it to several of my patients with the like good effect. I think, sir, that the Elixir is the only medicine that has ever been offered to the public calculated to cure that most dreadful malady, dyspepsia.

Yours, &c. MEDICUS.

New York, Jan. 20th, 1828. mar.10.

QUILL MANUFACTORY.

M. W. & J. NOAH, importers and manufacturers of foreign and domestic Quills, have removed from 412 Broadway to 18½ Maiden lane, up stairs (entrance in Green street), where they offer for sale an assortment of Quills on reasonable terms. The best price given for raw Quills. mar.10.

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY.

Volumes already published.

I. II. III. Milman's History of the Jews, 3 vols.
IV. V. Lockhart's Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, 2 vols.
VI. Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, 1 vol.
VII. Williams' Life of Alexander the Great, 1 vol.
VIII. Natural History of Insects, 1 vol.
IX. Galt's Life of Lord Byron, 1 vol.
X. Bush's Life of Mohammed, 1 vol.
XI. Scott on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1 vol.
XII. XIII. Gleig's History of the Bible, 2 vols.
XIV. Discovery, &c. in the Polar Seas and Regions, 1 vol.
XV. Croly's Life of George IV. 1 vol.
XVI. Discovery and Adventure in Africa, 1 vol.
XVII. XVIII. XIX. Cunningham's Lives of Painters, &c. 3 vols.
XX. James's History of Chivalry and the Crusades, 1 vol.
XXI. XXII. Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots, 2 vols.
XXIII. Russell's Ancient and Modern Egypt, 1 vol.
XXIV. Fletcher's History of Poland, 1 vol.
XXV. Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements, 1 vol.
XXVI. Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton, 1 vol.
XXVII. Russell's Palestine, or the Holy Land, 1 vol.
XXVIII. Memes' Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, 1 vol.
XXIX. The Court and Camp of Buonaparte, 1 vol.

CLASSICAL SERIES.

I. II. Xenophon, (Anabasis and Cyropædia,) 2 vols.
III. IV. Leland's Demosthenes, 2 vols.
V. Rose's Sallust, 1 vol.

DRAMATIC SERIES.

I. II. III. Massinger's Plays, 3 vols.
IV. V. Ford's Plays, 2 vols. mar.10.

COLOURING PRINTS.

THREE or four girls who understand well the above business, may find employment by applying at the Lithographic Office at 144 Nassau street.

Also wanted, a smart active lad, as a pupil, to whom will be taught the arts of painting, printing, drawing, colouring, &c. &c. together with every thing that belongs to Lithography. jan.28.

C. F. CROCKETT, agent, 154 Broadway, has for sale a splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps.* Hats of a superior quality at $1. feb.25.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N. Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar.3. P. BYRNE.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1 5th ton); Picton Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 293 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, known as "the ever and always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for Managers' Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff, or advertise daily; but he will serve state, that he has no connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Pittsburg, Pa.

Numbers drawn on the 7th:—5 58 54 53 13 15 70 11 6.

The following brilliant Lotteries are next to be drawn—Managers, Yates & M'Intyre—Licensed vender, S. J. Sylvester.

March 14. N. Y. Lottery, Class No. 6—$20,000, 5000, &c.—Tickets $5.

March 16. N. Y. Lottery, Class No. 4—$20,000, 10,000, 5000, 100 of 1,000, &c.—Tickets $10.

March 21, N. Y. Lottery, Class No. 7—$16,000, 10,000, &c.—Tickets $5.

N. B. All the above are first rate schemes, and tickets are ready for delivery at my respective offices.

The public's obedient servant,
S. J. SYLVESTER.

To Banks, Merchants, Traders, Dealers, etc. etc.—The Subscriber has enlarged the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector & Price Current to the imperial size. It is now complete in every department; and, in addition to the usual tables, it contains a great variety of reading matter. The Counterfeit and Bank Note List is the largest ever published. Terms, $2 50 per ann. in advance; it is sent gratis to all who deal in any manner with

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Cedar and Elm-streets.

sep.28 S. B. REEVE & Co.

FINE
POCKET-BOOKS.
GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
Wholesale and Retail,
By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

L. I. COHEN,
REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,
AND
EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,
AND IMPORTER OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

GREENWICH WRITING SCHOOL,

NO. 339 Bleecker street, near Hudson.—The subscriber respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of New York, that his writing school is now open from 7 to 9 o'clock P M, for gentlemen, and from 11 to 1 o'clock A.M. for ladies, at the above named location, where every facility is afforded for obtaining a neat mercantile hand writing, or for epistolary purposes, and if required, an ornamental one. Terms moderate, which will be made known on application to the subscriber.

F. W. WILLIAMS, Writing Master.

N.B. Lessons in schools and families attended to on reasonable terms.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We, the undersigned, having examined various specimens of penmanship, both of the ornamental as well as the plain mercantile hand, executed by Mr. F. W. Williams, take pleasure in stating, that we consider him as one of the first class of penmen, and an able teacher, and cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of all who wish to receive instruction in the useful art of penmanship, or who may have pieces which they desire to have tastefully and elegantly executed.

Charles A. Lee, M.D, H. Meigs, John Flint, Garrit Gilbert, Richard B. Fosdick, J. R. Satterlee, George S. Doughty, John R. Peters, L. Wilson, W. S. McLauren, writing master, Levi Kidder, James Stewart, M.D., James N. Wells, David S. Lyon, Rev. W. R. Whittingham, Samuel Woodworth, James B. Murray, Eli Corey.

Having known Mr. F. W. Williams as a teacher of penmanship for two years past, during a part of which time he has been employed by me, I can cheerfully recommend him as well qualified to instruct in this useful and ornamental art. J. D. WICKHAM.

Washington Institute, Jan. 6, 1832.

We most cheerfully unite in the opinion expressed by Mr. Wickham, of the qualifications of Mr. F. W. Williams, as a teacher of penmanship.

FLINT & KILDER.

Greenwich Village, Jan. 13, 1832.

I concur in the preceding, from having employed Mr. Williams in my Institution, and being satisfied that his talents in the art of penmanship were superior to those of any other I ever employed.

mar.3. DANIEL PARKER.

NOTICE—*To Connoisseurs in Minerals, and the public in general.*—The subscriber, owing to the rapid increase of his business as a druggist and chemist, feels himself obliged to dispose of his large and valuable collection of minerals and natural curiosities, which cost him years of labour and a small fortune to collect. Many of his specimens, both rare and beautiful, have been for some time exhibiting in the New York Lyceum of Natural History and Peale's Museum, in this city, where they have attracted the attention of men of taste and science. The subscriber flatters himself that there has been seldom offered here a collection so worthy of the public attention—brought together from every quarter of the world, selected and improved. It is impossible to enumerate them in the short compass of an advertisement, but among the most precious will be found—

A large wax yellow Amber, of nearly 2 lbs. weight, and 60 cubic inches magnitude, from the Baltic.

An American Beryl, of 70 lbs. weight, and 620 cubic inches.

A full six sided Prism, of 27 circumference.

Three collections of precious stones, containing all possible varieties, from the diamond to the flint.

Three small private collections of 160, 250, and 940 specimens, besides several other natural curiosities, such as the teeth of the mammoth, preserved reptiles, and fish impressions, &c.

The whole or any part of the above is offered on moderate terms, at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway, one door below White-street.

N.B. Any orders received from persons residing at a distance will be promptly and faithfully executed feb.11.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

GENTLEMEN'S India Rubber Shoes and Over Shoes, of superior quality, for sale by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,
jan.28. 29 Fulton Slip, and 56 Division st.

IPECAC. & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
jan.7 377 Broadway.

SATIN BEAVER HAT MANUFACTORY,
No. 61 Canal-street, New-York.

THOMAS SIMMS, informs his friends and the public generally that he has just got up an extensive assortment of the Satin Beaver Hats, with various improvements, as suited to their summer use; among these is the newly invented Porous Hat, which is so admirably adapted to the warm season. T. S. feels confident, that comparing them in all their qualities, there is no kind of hat manufactured in America equal to the Satin Beaver and he respectfully invited the citizens and distant traders in the article, to call at his store and examine his elegant assortment. They are got up in an entire new style, and exhibit an unequalled lustre and finish; nor has the ease and comfort of the wear, been less consulted in their lightness and elasticity, than the gratification of the eye in their chaste, and beautiful exterior. They may be had of a variety of shades and colors, such as black, drab, umber, middle-tint, and other neutral shades.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD, Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D, Amaziah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 1138

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as beautiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentleman with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the almost ease and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,
Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"
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OXYGEN SOAP.

DISCOVERY. A Soap which has the singular property of making the complexion one shade cleaner and ruddier than usual—as evidenced Dr. Priestly's experiments touching the same, by the attraction blood and oxygen have for each other, causing its purity and florid tint, by absorption through a membrane. Johnsons's Medical Reports mention its happy effects in removing eruptions and irritations of the skin, which arise from its peculiar tonic power. Chemical experiments point it out as a simple brightening compound, giving purity or tinge by the above-mentioned attraction, also removing and preventing the bilious shade of the same. Sold for the inventor by DR. CONNING, Marble Building, No's. 2 Chatham square and 2 Catharine street, and JAMES H. HART, corner Broadway and Chamber sts. three doors from *Washington Hall*, N.Y. Price 50 cents.